

THE BLACKTHORN BIBLE:

OFFICIAL SONGBOOK OF BLACKTHORN
R F C

According to:

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INTRODUCTION

Unique. That's the one adjective which best describes this long qwaited volume. However its detractors malign it or its enthusiasts promote it, 'unique' will remain a safe answer for anyone asked to describe it. So it is with great pleasure that we present after several years compiling, the official songbook of the Blackthorn Rugby Football Club. It is safe to say that within these covers you'll find as wide a variety - or polarity - of songs as in any other collection. There are actually two volumes in this book. One contains songs you might sing to your mother, while the other embodies songs your mother would never sing to you! The following pages have been contaminated with a number of the most tasteless songs in the English - or nearly English language. The bawdy songs range from the old tried and true rugby favorites from Britain like the Ball of Kerrymuir and Rhodan School, to American adaptations and even a few originals by club members as in the everpopular "Beer Farts" by Ned Bachus.

The Bawdy songs presented here are in no way meant to be inclusive in terms of their verses, just as the book as a whole is in no way a definitive collection of bawdy songs. Rather it is a compilation of those songs and verses any of which you might hear if you stumbled into a Blackthorn rugby party. And as happens with so many books the very time consumed in putting the volume together renders many of the lyrics obsolete. But this will remain a pretty good jumping off point for some time, with enough lyrics to nauseate the entire family. Only the Limerick Song was researched with any degree of thoroughness and after going through a few hundred limericks research was halted as it became impossible to distinguish the good from the bad. The latter group is included here as they are the more popular among course ruggers who after all, make up the backbone of good parties.

With the bawdy songs out of the way we turn to that other section of the book - which is a lot more difficult to explain. Rugby parties usually proceed this way too, with the bawdy songs being worked over - and often overworked - first. As their number runs low the singing circle thins and the die hards prepare for act II.

Except for a few specific sections like the sea music the songs are presented in fairly random order, much as they are sung at rugby parties. Thus on one page we find that fine old spiritual "Standin' in the Need of Prayer" accompanied by "Teddy Bear's Picnic" not a part of the Negro Spiritual tradition as far as we know. There are Spirituals, American traditional and mountain songs, sea chanties and fishing songs, songs from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Hebrides, as well as a number of Australian songs and some more which defy classification. Songs range from the humorous to the bitter, caustic, rollicking, sweet, and sad. One may well wonder how they all fit together, yet they do have one thing in common, and that's a general singability. A number of them have become as popular as any of the bawdy songs -

"Wild Colonial Boy" or "Amazing Grace" for example. We hope the composers of the various songs will forgive us for printing their material without permission considering the purpose is simply to get people singing their songs. And of course, getting people to sing songs is the whole purpose for this book.

You won't become an expert on bawdy or rugby songs using this book alone. Music is not included due to the enormous extra effort involved, and because you can hear most of the tunes at a rugby party. Thus armed with this compendium of lyrics and familiar with the tune you're off and singing. Why you are off and singing and more specifically, why you are singing bawdy songs is a question a lot of psychologists would have a field day with. We favor the obvious explanation - perhaps in self-defense - that it happens to be fun. Ridiculous I know but bawdy songs can't be written off as simply sexist because males too often bear the butt? of the humor. Besides both sexes enjoy singing them. The tunes are simple; the lyrics are easy to remember and the songs don't demand good voices. Such minor points coupled with the observation that people don't seem as self-conscious about singing these songs (especially after a few beers) may explain why rugby players enjoy them so. This explanation is for and about Americans who are so self-conscious about singing in public. The British as everyone knows will sing at the drop of a scrumcap!

If you've been to a rugby party and thought it all very silly, or you think it sounds ridiculous - then what the hell are you doing with this book and why were you at a party? So much for sophisticates and football players (two groups not often lumped together).

That's more than enough said. Get a beer; sit back; clear your throat; amaze your friends. There's bawdy humor, good songs, and hours of fun ahead.

- Peter Brindle
Oct. 1975
Philadelphia

With Songs by:

The Clancy Brothers

Roberts & Batton

Gordon Bock

Ewan Mac Coll

Pat Skey

Ian Campbell

Gilbert & Sullivan

J N C Bach us

P A Brindle

J Rolley

&

I am Anonymous

We'd like to thank these people for contributing time, effort, and lyrics to the making of this book. To anyone forgotten, we would like to apologize and extend our thanks.

Mario Giampaolo

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Ed Fagan

Ned Bachus

Bob Izard

Don Marsden

Barry Roecker

Mike Murphey

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Marian Morfoot

Jo Spiker

Al Braunwarth

Jane Ross

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Ed Roth

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CAN'T SING



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LIMERICKS

Limerick after limerick on page after page in book
 after book were reviewed by the editors to arrive at
 this collection. I confess that we were so sick of
 limericks that in the end we didn't know which were
 funny any more - as is evidenced herein. I'm sure
 all of you know plenty more worth while ones not in-
 cluded here, but frankly, we don't give a damn. P.B.

The limerick's, admitted, a verse form:
 A torse form: a curse form: a hearse form.
 It may not be lyric,
 And at best it's satyric,
 And a whale of a tail in perverse form.

The limerick is furtive and mean;
 You must keep her in close quarentine
 Or she sneaks to the slums
 And promptly becomes
 Disorderly, drunk, and obscene.

The limerick packs laughs anatomical
 In a space that is quite economical,
 But the good one's I've seen
 So seldom are clean
 And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

THE REFINED FEMALE

Have you heard about Magda Lupescu
 Who came to Rumania's rescue?
 It's a wonderful thing
 To be under a king
 Is democracy better, I ask you?

I'm a waterwitch moistly incurable
 Wept old Anna Liffey the plurable,
 Come golden Gate span
 Be my arch angel man
 And as lengthy and strengthly and durable.

A bather whose garments were strowed,
 On the beach where she sun-bathed all nude,
 Saw a man come along
 And unless I'm quite wrong
 You expected this line to be lowd.

A lonely young girl named Anne Heuser
 Declared that no man could surprise 'er
 But a fellow named Gibbons
 Untied her Blue Ribbons
 And now she is sadder Budweiser.

A mischievous miss from Woods Hole
 Had a notion exceedingly droll:
 At a masquerade ball
 She wore nothing at all,
 And backed in as a Parker House roll.

There was a young maid from Norway,
 Who hung by her heels from a doorway.
 She told her young man,
 "Get off the divan,
 I think I've discovered one more way"

There was a young woman of Twickenham,
 Loved sausages - never got sick of 'em.
 She knelt on the sod
 And prayed to her God
 To lengthen and strengthen, and thicken em.

Quoth a cow in the marshes of Glynn,
 "All the world is divine, even sin.
 As a natural creature
 I worship all nature,
 But most when the bullrush is in.

There was a young maiden named Nellie
 Whose breasts could be joggled like jelly;
 They could tie in a knot
 Or reach you-know-what
 Or even swat flies on her belly.

There was a young maid from Madras
 Who had a magnificent ass;
 Not rounded and pink
 As you probably think
 It was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

A damsel, seductive and handsome,
 Got wedged in a sleeping room transom.
 When she offered much gold
 For release, she was told
 That the view was worth more than the ransom.

There was a young girl from Detroit
Who at fucking was very adroit.

She could squeeze her vagina
To a pin-point or finer
Or open it out like a quoit.

There was a young lady named Hilda
Who went for a walk with a builder

He knew that he could
And he should, and he would,
And he did and he goddamn near killed her!

There was a young lady of Cheam
Who crept into the vestry unseen.

She pulled down her knickers
Likewise the Vicar's
And said, "How about it, old bean?"

There was a young maid from Mobile
Whose cunt was made of blue steel.

She got her thrills
From pneumatic drills
And off-centered emery wheels.

There was a young lady of Crewe
Whose cherry a chap had got through

Which she told her mother
Who fixed her another
Out of rubber and red ink and glue.

The movie star queen Theda Bara
Was born in the desert Sahara:

It was, was it not
The Oasis of Tuat.
And what, might we ask, could be fairer?

A buttocky beauty named Bella,
Went out for a ride with a fella,

They returned from the ride,
With nothing outside
But the knob of the fella's umbrella.

Sighed a dear little shipboard divinity,
In a deckchair I lost my virginity,

I was glancing to leeward
When along came a steward
And undid my belief in the trinity.

Said a much-traveled wench from Virginia,
 "Who cares about far Abyssinia?
 And if even Salassie
 Should make you his lassie,
 It still would depend on what's in ya."

Said a lovely Greek maiden named Clytie,
 I look mighty nice in my nightie:
 But beyond all compare,
 I look cuter bare
 And when I am bare I am bitey.

Said a scion of Boston society
 Who was pinched, and for mere inebriety,
 "I will lie in this gutter
 Refusing to utter
 One word in defence of sobriety."

There was a young lady named Maud,
 A sort of society fraud,
 In the parlor, 'tis told
 She was distant and cold
 But on the veranda, My God!

There was a young girl from Dumfries
 Who said to her beau, "If you please,
 It would give me great bliss,
 If, while playing with this,
 You would pay some attention to these."

There was a young lady named Gloria
 Who was geosed by Sir Oswald Du Maurier
 And then by six men,
 Sir Oswald again,
 And a band at the Waldorf-Astoria.

There was a young girl from Grant's Pass
 Who loved to tickle her ass;
 Her favorite trick
 Was to use a sharp stick
 And scratch it while feeding it grass.

There was a young lady from Gloucester
 Whose husband once thought he had lost her
 But he found her that night,
 In the ice box locked tight.
 We all had to help him defrost her.

A woman's libest gross and despotic
 Said, "My tastes are more rich than exotic.
 I've always adored
 Making love in a Ford,
 Because I am auto-erotic."

There once was a maid with such graces,
 That her curves cried aloud for embraces.
 "You look", said McGee
 "Like a million to me
 Invested in all the right places."

There was a young lady from Kent
 Who said that she knew what it meant
 When men asked her to dine
 On caviar and wine.
 She knew! How she knew! But she went!

An alluring young pig in Paroo
 Fills all of her suitors with glee,
 For when they implore
 Her to give a bit more
 She invariably answers, "Wee, wee."

There was a young girl named Irene
 Who was chosen as Stock Exchange queen,
 For when in the mood
 Was successfully wooed
 By Merrill, Lynch, (Pierce), Fenner, (Smith), & Beane.

There were two young ladies from Birmingham
 And here is a story concerning 'em:
 They lifted the bib
 And tickled the rib,
 Of the bishop as he was confirming 'em.

There was a young girl from Nantucket
 Who went down to hell in a bucket.
 But when she got there
 And they asked her for her fare,
 She lifted her skirt and said, "Fuck it."

There was a young girl from St. Paul
 Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
 But the dress caught on fire
 And burned her entire,
 Front page - sports section - and all.

A God fearing maiden from Goshen
 Took a bare morning swim in the ocean;
 When a whirlpool appeared
 She rose up and cheered,
 And developed a rotary motion.

There is a young lady named "Mare,
 Whose bottom is always kept bare;
 When asked why, she pouts,
 And says the Boy Scouts
 All beg her to please be prepared.

THE MAN OF NOBLE BIRTH

A handsome young monk in a wood
 Told a girl she should cling to the good.
 She obeyed him, and gladly;
 He repulsed her, but sadly
 "My dear, you have misunderstood."

On the deck of a ship called the Masm,
 An old salt was having a spasm
 Cried a lady named Chasm,
 "Is that an orgasm?"
 And the old salt replied to her, "Yas'm."

There was a young fellow from Leeds
 Who swallowed a package of seeds
 Great tufts of grass
 Sprouted out of his ass
 And his balls were all covered with weeds.

There was a young man with a hernia,
 Who said to his surgeon, "Gol dern ya,
 Now don't make a botch
 Of this job on my crotch,
 Or cut things that do not concern ya."

A young trapeze artist named Bract
 Is faced by a very sad fact
 Imagine his pain
 When, again and again
 He catches his wife in the act.

If you've got enough cash to see Venice on,
 Hire a Grand Canal gal as your benison
 But after you fondle her
 On the poop of the gondola
 Remember to lay a few pennies on.

There once was an archeologist named Threstle
 Who found a most unusual fossil;
 You could tell by the bend
 And the knot in the end,
 It was the penis of St. Peter the Apostle.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis
 Used oposum and snakes for his solace,
 His children had scales
 And prehensil tails
 And voted for Governor Wallace.

There once was a wonderful wizard
 Who got a fierce pain in his gizzard.
 So he drank wind and snow
 At fifty below
 And farted a forty day blizzard.

A plumber from Lowater Creek
 Was called in by a dame with a leak:
 She looked so becoming
 He fixed all her plumbing
 And didn't emerge for a week.

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham
 He bugged three maids while confirming 'em.
 As they knelt seeking God
 He excited his rod
 And pumped his Episcopal sperm in 'em.

A chap down in Oklahoma
 Had a cock that could crow La Paloma
 But the sweetness of pitch
 Couldn't put off the hitch
 Of impotence, size and aroma.

A disgusting young man named McGill
 Made his neighbors exceedingly ill
 When they learned of his habits
 Involving white rabbits
 And a bird with a flexible bill.

There was a young man of St. Johns
Who wanted to bugger the swans.

"Oh no", said the porter.

"You bugger my daughter,
Them swans is reserved for the Dons."

When a lecherous currate at Leeds
Was discovered one day in the weeds

Astride a young nun,

He said, "Christ this is fun,
Far better than telling one's beads!"

Said old Father William I'm humble
And getting too old for a tumble

But produce me a blonde

And I'm still not beyond
An attempt at an interesting fumble.

An impetuous swordsman from Parma
Was lovingly fondling a charma

Said the maid in demure,

"You'll excuse me I'm sure,
But I think you're still wearing your armor."

There once was a student named Bessor.
Whose knowledge grew lessor and lessor.

It at last grew so small

He knew nothing at all,
And today he's a college professor!

A shortage of cooks has produced
More kitchen-wise males than it used.

Like the man of gal-lan-try

Who, learning of the pantry,
Remarked, "Well, my cook has been goosed!"

He received from some thoughtful relations
A spittoon with superb decorations.

When aske was he pleased,

He grimaced and wheezed,
"It's beyond all my expectorations."

There was an old lecher named Gus
Who wore a horrible truss;

It would pinch, sweat, and itch,

When the son of a bitch
Got too close to young girls on a bus.

One night a young amorous Sioux
Had a date with a maiden he knew;
 The coroner found
 The couple had drowned
Making love in a leaky canoe.

There was a young fellow named Pete
Who was gentle, and shy, and discrete
 But with his first woman
 He became quite inhuman
And constantly roared for fresh meat.

A baritone star from Havana
Slipped horribly on a banana;
 He was sick for a year
 Then resumed his career
As a promising lyric soprano.

Against my better judgement I add this ditty to the collection knowing full well that some sot is going to half memorize it and bore us with it at a party. Remember if you decide to do it to do it with gusto or not at all.

ESKIMO NELL

Gather round all you whorey
Gather round and hear this storey.

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold
And the tip of his dick turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

When Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore depressed and sad
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt
But the shooting ain't so bad.

When Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun
It's Deadeye Dick that slings the prick
And Mexican Pete the gun.

Now Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek
And such was their luck the'd had no fuck
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou
And a bison cow or so
And for deadeye Dick with his kingly prick
This fuckin was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair
Set forth for the Rio Grande
Deadeye Dick with his mighty prick
And Pete with his gun in his hand

And as they blazed their noisy trail
No man their path withstood
And many a bride her husband's pride
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande
At the height of a blazing noon
And to slake their thirst and do their worst
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide
 Both prick and gun flashed free.
 According to sex, you bleeding wrecks
 You drink or fuck with me.

They heard of the prick called Deadeye Dick
 From Maine to Panama
 And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse
 Those dagoes sought the bar.

The girls too knew his playful ways
 Down on the Rio Grande
 And fourty whores pulled down their drawers
 At Deadeye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete
 Itch on the trigger grip
 And they didn't wait at fearful rate
 Those whores began to strip

Now Deadeye Dick was breathing quick
 With lecherous snorts and grunts
 So forty asses were bared to view
 And likewise forty cunts

Now forty asses and forty cunts
 If you can use your wits
 And if you're slick at arithmetic
 Makes exactly eighty tits

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight
 For a man with a raging stand
 It may be rare in Berkeley Square
 But not on the Rio Grande

Now Deadeye Dick had fucked a few
 On the last preceeding night
 This he had done just to show his fun
 And th whot his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim
 As he backed and took a run
 He made a dart at the nearest tart
 And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sandy floor
 And there he fucked her fine
 And though she grinned
 It put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

When Deadeye Dick lets loose his prick
 He's got no time to spare
 For speed and length combined with strength
 He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart
 When into that Harlot's Hell
 Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid
 And her name it was Eskimo Nell

By this time Dick had got his prick
 Well into number two
 When Eskimo Nell let out a yell
 She bawled to him Hey you!

He gave a flick of his muscular prick
 And the girl flew over his head
 And he wheeled about with an angry shout
 His face and his dick were red

She glanced our here up and down
 His looks she seemed to decry
 With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn
 That rose from his hairy thigh

She blew the smoke from her cigarette
 Over his steaming knob
 So utterly beat was Mexican Pete
 He failed to do his job

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell
 In accents clear and cool
 You fuck struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp
 You call that thing a tool?
 If this here town can't take that down
 She sneered to those cowering whores
 There's one little cunt can do the stunt
 It's Eskimo Nell's not yours.

She stripped her garments one by one
 With an air of conscious pride
 And as she stood in her womanhood
 They saw the great divide

She seated herself on a table top
 Where someone had left his glass
 With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits
 Between the cheeks of her ass.

She flexed her knees with supple ease
 And spread her legs apart
 With a friendly nod to the mangy sod
 She gave him the cue to start

But Deadeye Dick knew a trick or two
 He meant to take his time
 And a girl like this was fuckin bliss
 So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his ass hole to and fro
 And made his balls inflate
 Until they looked like granite knobs
 On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out
 His balls increased in size
 His mighty prick grew twice as thick
 Till it almost reached his eyes

He polished it up with alcohol
 And made it steaming hot
 To finish the job he sprinkled the knob
 With a cayenne pepperpot

Then neither did he take a run
 Nor did he take a leap
 Nor did he stoop but took a swoop
 And a steady forward creep

With a piercing eye he took a sight
 Along his mighty tool
 And the steady grin as he pushed it in
 Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons
 On the mighty C.F.R.
 With the driving force of a thousand horse
 Well, you know what pistons are

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn
 The ins and outs of the trick
 Of the work that's done on a non-stop run
 By a guy like Deadeye Dick

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel
 As good as a whole harem
 With the strength of ten in her abdomen
 And the rock of ages between

Amid stops she could take the stream
 Like the flush of a watercloset
 And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock
 On the National Safe Deposit.

But Deadeye Dick could not come quick
 He meant to conserve his powers
 If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind
 For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile
 The grip of her cunt grew keener
 With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry
 With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick
 As to set in complete defiance
 The basic cause and primary laws
 That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code
 Which for years had stood the test
 And the ancient rules of the Classic schools
 In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end
 Of copulations classic
 The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
 And akin to an anaesthetic

He fell to the floor and knew no more
 His passions extinct and dead
 And he did not shout as his prick fell out
 Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet
 To avenge his pal's affront
 With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt
 He rammed it up her cunt

He rammed it up to the trigger grip
 And fired three times three
 But to his surprise she closed her eyes
 And smiled in ecstasy

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet
 Bully she said for you
 Though I might have guessed that that was the best
 That you two poor fucks could do
 When next my friend that you intend
 To sally forth in fun
 Buy Deadeye Dick a sugar stick
 And yourself an elephant gun.

I'm going back to the frozen North
 Where the pricks are hard and strong
 Back to the land of the frozen stand
 Where the nights are six months long

It's hard as tin when they put it in
 In the land where spunk is spunk
 Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream
 But a solid frozen chunk

Back to the land where they understand
 What it means to fornicate
 Where even the dead sleep two in a bed
 And the babies masturbate

Back to the land of the grinding gland
Where the walrus plays with his prong
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair
That's where they'll sing this song

They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail
Where the nights are sizty below
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold
Wrapped up in a ball of snow

In the valley of death with baited breath
That's where they'll sing it too
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle
And the rotting corpses screw

Back to the land where men are men
Terra Bellicum
And there I'll spend my worthy end
For the North is calling Come

So Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande
Deadeye Dick with his useless prick
And Pete with no gun in his hand

A verse of appreciation:
When a man grows old
And his balls go cold
And the end of his dick turns blue
And the hole in the middle
Refuses to piddle
I'd say he was fucked wouldn't you?

THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over they were four and twenty less.

Chorus:

Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you never get laid on Saturday night you'll never get
laid at all.

The village plumber he was there. He felt an awful fool.
He'd come eleven leagues or more and forgot to bring his tool

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.

There was fucking in the kitchen and fucking in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the balls.

The parson's daughter she was there, the cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ass and thistles up her cunt.

The Vicar's wife, well she was there, a-sitting by the fire,
Knitting rubber Johnnies out of india rubber tyre.

The village idiot he was there, sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through
the hole.

Mrs. O'Maley she was there. She had the crowd in fits,
A-jumping off the mantelpiece and bouncing off her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen explaining to the groom,
That the vagina not the rectum is the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there, up to his favorite trick,
Pulling his asshole over his head and standing on his prick.

The village magician he was there, up to his usual trick,
A-pulling his foreskin over his head and disappearing up
his prick.

The village cripple he was there, he couldna' do much,
He lined the maidens 'gainst the wall and fucked them with
his crutch.

The village smithy he was there, sitting by the fire,
Doing favors for the maidens with a piece of red hot wire.

The blacksmith's brother he was there, a mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall and fucked them three by
three.

Now farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand
And every time he swung around he circumcised the band.

The Vicar's wife she was there, back against the wall,
"Put your money on the table, boys, I'm fit to do ye all.

The Vicar and his wife were having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger up another lady's bum.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances he was sterilizing pricks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there, and in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching in his hat.

There was fucking in the couches. There was fucking in the
cots.
And lying up against the wall were rows of grinning twats.

Farmer Brown he was there, a-jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucking flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick, we canna let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick then shoved it up her ass.

Bayard Stockton he was there, and he was in despair,
He couldna get his prick through the tangles of her hair.

Jockie Stewart did his fucking right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better than fucking on the floor.

Jock McVenning he was there, a-looking for a fuck,
But every cunt was occupied and he was out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there, his cock was long and high,
But when he'd fucked her forty times he was fucking mighty
dry.

McCardew-Roberts he was there, his prick was all alert,
But when half the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.

The doctor's daughter she was there, she went to gather
sticks,
She couldna find a blade of grass for balls and standing
pricks.

The village builder he was there, he brought his bag of tricks
He poured cement in all the holes, and blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there, the leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of the other boys, to make their voices
higher.

Now little Tommy he was there, But he was only eight,
He couldna root the women, so he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there, the poor man had the pox,
He couldna fuck the lassies, so he fucked the letterbox.

The village idiot he was there a-leaning on the gate,
He couldna find a cunt so he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there, a-roaring like a lion,
He'd cut his cock off in the forge, so he used a red hot
iron.

The parson's daughter she was there a-sitting on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs, the vacuum closed the
door.

The village Marxist he was there, his manifesto in hand,
A-waiting for the time that supply would meet demand.

'Twas the gathering o' the clans and all the Scots were there,
A-skirlin' on their bagpipes and strokin' pussy hair.

The factor's daughter she was there, sittin' down in front,
A wreath of roses in her hair, a carrot up her cunt.

The village idiot he was there, he was a perfect fool,
He sat beneath an oak tree and whittled off his tool.

The chimney sweep he was there, but soon he got the boot,
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

Down in the square the village dunce he stands,
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself and usin' both his hands.

There was fucking in the bedroom, fucking on the stairs.
Ye canna see the carpet for the come and curly hair.

For the elders of the church, fuckin' was too much work,
So they sat around the table and had a circle jerk.

The groom was excited and racin' 'round the hall,
A-pullin' on his pecker an' showin' off his balls.

The king was in the countin' room a-countin' out his wealth,
The queen was in the parlor a-playing with herself.

The queen was in the kitchen, eatin' bread and honey.
The king was in the kitchen maid and she was in the money.

There was fuckin' in the parlor, fuckin' in the chairs,
You couldna see the people through the flying pubic hairs.

The Irish Ambassador he was there standing straight and
proud,
Speaking from the balcony and pissing on the crowd.

John Brown the parson was quite annoyed to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads a-hangin' from a tree.

And when the ball was over, everyone confessed,
They all enjoyed the dancing, but the fucking was the best.

And so the ball was over, they all went home to rest,
And the music had been exquisite, but the fucking was still
the best.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

Chorus:

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I used to work in Chicago
I did but I don't anymore

A lady came up for some gloves
I asked her what kind she wished
Rubber she said, so rub her I did
I'll never work there anymore.

hat---felt---felt her I did
cake---layer---lay her I did
dress---jumper---jump her I did
shoes---pump---pump her I did
poultry---goose---goose her I did
ticket---to Bangor---bang her I did

She was sweet sixteen on the village green,
Pure and innocent was Angeline,
A virgin still, never known a thrill
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair the Squire was there
Masturbating on the village square
When he chanced to see the dainty knee
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village squire had but one desire,
To be the biggest fucker
in the whole dam shire,
He had set his heart on the vital part
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted up her skirt to avoid the dirt
She slipped in a puddle
of the Squire's last squirt,
At the sight he saw,
how his pecker grew raw
For poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said:
"Miss, your cat
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
Now my car is in the square
and I'll take you there
Oh poor little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd
should have got the bird
But she climbed right in without a word,
As they drove away
you could hear them say:
"Poor little Angeline."

They had not gone far
when he stopped the car
And he took little Angeline into a bar,
Where he gave her gin just to make her sin
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well
he took her to a dell
There to give her bloody fucking hell,
And he tried his luck with a low down fuck
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape" he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came
to save the name
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold
And had loved little Angeline for years untold.
And he vowed he'd be true
whatever they'd do
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say that very same day
The village blacksmith had gone to jail to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell
Where the Squire was giving little Angeline hell,
And there ypon the grass he observed the ass
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart
And blew the whole bloody jail apart,
And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split
His poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot and he saw what was what
He tied the villain's pecker in a granny knot,
For there upon the grass was the imprint of the ass
Of poor little Angeline.

"Oh, blacksmith true, I love you, I do,
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too,
Here I am undressed, come and do your best
Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it would be wrong here to end this song
For the blacksmith's prong was a full two foot long,
And his natural charm was as thick as your arm
Lucky little Angeline.

IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind,
 which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
 The kind of man that I would be,
 would be a rugby . . .

Spectator, cause I'd come again, you'd come again,
 we'd all come again together.
 We'll be alright in the middle of the night,
 coming again together.

If I were . . . I'd be a rugby

Scrum half, cause I'd put it in...

Spectator in the rain, cause I'd wear rubbers...

Goal post, cause I'd stand erect...

Half time orange, cause I'd get sucked...

Lock, cause I'd grab ass...

Second row, cause I'd push hard...

Hooker, cause I'd hook balls...

Referee, cause I'd fuck up...

Goal post, cause I'd block balls...

Fullback, cause I'd find touch...

Wing, cause I'd never get it...

How pair of boots, cause I'd come in boxes...

Grounds keeper, cause I'd plug holes...

Blade of grass, cause I'd get bent...

Fly half, cause I'd wip it out...

Assistant grounds keeper, cause I'd sow seeds...

Ball, cause I'd get pumped...

Touch line, cause I'd get laid...

YOU CAN TELL.... that this is one of the grosser songs around, and naturally it's one of the most popular one's done at parties.

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL

You can tell by the smell
when your girl friend is unwell
And the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the stink
when your girl friend's pissing pink
And the end of the month rolls around.

For it's hi hi hee
in the Kotex factory
Shout out your sizes loud and strong---
"large, medium, small,
We make rags to fit them all."

For where 'ere you go
you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.

"keep 'em rollin',
When the end of the month rolls around"

LAST NIGHT

(I stayed at home and masterbated)

Last night I stayed up late and masterbated,
it felt so good, I knew it would.
So you should see me when I do my short stroke,
it's really grand, I use my hand.
And you should see me when I do my long stroke,
it's really neat, I use my feet.

Beat it, pound it, roll it on the floor,
wrap it around the bedpost, squirt it out
the door.

I had a friend who had a friend who said that
intercourse was grand
But as for me I think I'd rather use my hand.

You can tell by her stance that there's bloodstains on
her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the mung that she passes off as dung
When the end of the month rolls around.

DINAH

Chorus:

Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
 show us your leg, show us your leg,
 Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
 a yard above your knees.

Oh, a rich girl drives a Cadallac,
 A poor girl drives a truck,
 But the only ride that Dinah gets
 Is when she gets a fuck.

Now, a rich girl has a ring of gold,
 A poor girl one of brass,
 But the only ring that Dinah has
 Is the one around her ass.

Oh, a rich girl wears a braziere,
 A poor girl uses string,
 But Dinah uses nothing at all,
 She lets those bastards swing.

Oh, a rich girl uses sanitary napkins,
 A poor girl uses sheets,
 But Dinah uses nothing at all,
 She leaves a trail along the streets.

Oh, a rich girl uses vasoline,
 A poor girl uses lard,
 But Dinah uses axel grease,
 Because her cunt so hard.

This little cheer is brought to you from the
 mind (if you can call it that) of Stanley P.

Rat shit, Bat shit,
 Buckot full of come
 Mother fuckin', chicken pluckin'
 Blackthorn scrum

P.S. Stanley is a forward.

This song was collected by N. C. Bachus at the Beer's Family festival in '74.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG

In days of yore in a kingdom bold
 there lived a fearsome dragon
 And the king he was in great distress
 and the country's spirits laggin'
 Until there came a brave young knight
 he was dashing, strong and charming
 And he slew the dragon with his sword
 and a smile that was disarming
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no
 And a smile that was disarming

Said the king I wish to know your name
 but the knight said do not bother
 Yay merrily said he one knight
 is the same as another
 But the king he said in my daughter's bed
 tonite you'll take your leisure
 And she'll provide you for your deed
 with a night of exotic pleasure
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no
 With a night of exotic pleasure

My daughter she has raven hair
 a maid so young and chaste
 And she sleeps all night in the pale moonlight
 naked to the waist
 And the other daughter she's so fair
 the fairest in the town
 And she sleeps all night in the pale moonlight
 naked from her small waist down
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no
 Naked from her small waist down

Well the knight he stayed for many hours
 behind the castle walls
 But the ending to my story
 is not what it seems at all
 For in neither bed of either maid
 was he repaid for his glory
 But he slept all night with the king himself
 for this is a fairy story
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no
 For this is a fairy story-o

This song is an original from N.C. Bachus and
Michael Napoletano

PUT YOUR MOUTH

Put your mouth 'round my hard-on
Won't you suck me once, baby
Suck my big old schwance, baby
And make me cum one more time

Put your hands 'round my weiner
Yank my Yankee laid, baby
Sure beats getting laid, baby
And make me cum one more time

Wrap your tongue 'round my foreskin
Lick the smegma off, baby
Stop that nagging cough, baby
And make me cum one more time

Snear your snatch on my nostrils
Just don't take a whiz, baby
Clear my sinuses, baby
And make me cum one more time

Wrap your legs 'round my face dear
Pussy juice is great, baby
Please don't menstruate, baby
And make me cum one more time

Stick your face up my asshole
Make me feel your beak, baby
Guess it's tongue in cheek, baby
And make me cum one more time

My Girl is one of the shortest and sweetest of
all the songs in the book. It receives rave re-
views wherever it goes and certainly deserves them.

MY GIRL

I love my girl, yes I do, yes I do.
I love her truly.
I love the hole she pisses through.
I love her lilly white tits
And the hair around her ass hole.
I'd eat her shit gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
If she'd ask me to.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

The maid of the mountain,
she pees like a bloody fountain.

chorus:

And the hairs on her dickie die doe,
hang down to her knees.
And the hairs, and the hairs,
And the hairs on her dickie die doe,
hang down to her knees.

One white one, one cherry one
and one with a dingleberry on.

I've felt it, I've smelled it,
it's just like a piece of velvet.

She married an Italian
with balls like a bloody stallion.

You better be ready
to roll them up like spaghetti.

I've sucked it, I've fucked it
I've even loose rucked it!

It would take a Welsh miner
to find her vagina.

If she were my daughter
I'd have them cut shorter.

She lives in a lighthouse
that smells like a bloody shitehouse.

I've kicked it, I've punched it
I've even got down and munched it.

If you go down on her
watch out for the brown of her.

I've seen it, I've seen it
I've layed in between it.

She came from Holborne
her hair strangled her first born.

One black one, one white one
And one with a bit of shite on
And one with a fairy light on
to show us the way.

This well known song is sung everywhere, but seems particularly popular with college clubs. The second verse is completely original and was composed at the Elbow Room one night after practice in '72 by club die-hards.

GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too long for his jock,
 so it dragged ninety yards on the floor;
 It was bigger by far than the old man himself,
 and it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 With a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
 and a horn on the day that he died.
 My grandfather's cock was too long for his jock,
 so it stood for his honor and pride.

My grandmother's clit was as big as her tit,
 and it opened just like a barn door.
 It was wider by far than the trunk of my car
 and it smoked a rubber cigar.
 It was torn on the morn of the day that she was born,
 and was gone on the day that she died.
 My grandmother's clit was an enormous pit,
 and we ate it for dinner deep fried.

MAILMAN

Make me happy, make me gay,
 that's why I come twice a day.

I'm your mailman.

Bang your knockers ring your bell,
 don't you think that I'm just swell.

I'm your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather.
 don't you know my sack is made of leather.

I don't need no keys or locks,
 I just stuff it in your box.

I'm your mailman.

SCROTUM

Scrotum, scrotum...S-C-R-C-T-U-M

ba bum bum bum. *

Well its' shaggy and it's baggy and it's covered with
hair, but what would you do if it wasn't there

Scrotum, scrotum...S-C-R-O-T-U-M

ba bum bum bum.

Handjob, handjob...H-A-N-D-J-O-B

ba bum bum bum.

Well there's long strokes and there's short strokes
and there's in between.

just ask your girl, she'll know what you mean.

Handjob, handjob...H-A-N-D-J-O-B

Blowjob, blowjob...B-L-O-W-J-O-B

ba bum bum bum.

Well she'll huff it and she'll puff it and she'll
do it real fine

just give her a chance and she'll blow your mind.

Blowjob, blowjob...B-L-O-W-J-O-B

I hope you get one

B-L-O-W-J-O-B

Abortion, abortion...A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N

ba bum bum bum.

Well there's coat hangers, hot wires and all of the rest
but I still think the drop kick's the best

(or that drano's the best)

Abortion, abortion...A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N

* the first two lines are repeated

ALLIKAZIP

Allikazip, allikazam

Son of a bitch,

God damn.

Alfa alfa horses cock

Ra! Ra! Shit.

This touching ballad about some ruggers mother has
been responsible for us being thrown out of more
than one bar.

LUPE

It was down in cunt valley where the red river flows,
Where the whoremongers prosper and the cocksuckers grow,
That's where I met Lupe the girl I adore.
She's a hot fucking cock sucking Mexican whore.

Chorus:

Pecker, pecker-boom, pecker, pecker-boom.

The first time I saw Lupe, she was a virgin of eight,
She was swinging to and fro on the old garden gate,
The crossbar went under, the upright went in
And that started Lupe on a lifetime of sin.

She'll gnaw at your navel she'll gnaw at your nuts.
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs 'round you till you think you'll die
I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

The last time I saw Lupe was early last fall.
She was doing a striptease at a cocksucker's ball.
She'll charge you a quarter, no less and no more,
She's a hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore.

Sad verse:

Now Lupe is dead and she lies in her tomb.
And maggots crawl out of her decomposed womb,
But the smile on her face seems to ask you for more.
She's a hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore.

Starting slowly but gradually quickening to a breath-
less finish, this is one of the truly great rugby s
shorts.

MARYANNE BARNES

Maryanne Barnes was the queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give the guys the shits
She could shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double somersalt and catch it on her tits.
She's a great big fat fuck twice the size of me,
With hair around her ass like branches on a tree.
She can run, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck
That's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me.

THE WOODPECKER

I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 Take it out (Take it out)
 Take it out (Take it out)
 Take it out
 Remove it

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 Put it back (Put it back)
 Put it back (Put it back)
 Put it back
 Replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 Turn it 'round (Turn it 'round)
 Turn it 'round (Turn it 'round)
 Turn it 'round
 Revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 The other way (The other way)
 The other way (The other way)
 The other way
 Reverse it

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 In and out (In and out)
 In and out (In and out)
 In and out
 Reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 Take it out (Take it out)
 Take it out (Take it out)
 Take it out
 Retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
 and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul"
 Take a whiff (Take a whiff)
 Take a whiff (Take a whiff)
 Take a whiff
 Revolting

The tune for "The Woodpecker" is derived from though not identical to that southern favorite, Dixie. And appropriately enough this particular adaptation was encountered by Blackthorn RFC on its' southern tour in Florida, in the spring of '73. In the true spirit of Francis of Assisi this charming little ditty is simply another fanciful tale of mans oneness with the animal world.. FAS

There are infinite variations on the bastardized verses of this old English carol. It's rumored that there are even clean verses.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of christmas my true love gave to me,
a hand job in a fur tree.
On the second day of christmas my true love gave to me,
Two shithouse doors and a handjob in a fur tree.
On the third day of christmas my true love gave to me,
three French whores, two shithouse doors etc.
On the fourth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
four flying fucks etc.
On the fifth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
f-i-v-e p-u-b-i-c h-a-i-r-s...etc.
On the sixth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
six syphylitic sores etc.
On the seventh day of christmas my true love gave to me,
seven sucking sisters etc.
On the eighth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
eight aching assholes etc.
On the ninth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
nine nympho nuns etc.
On the tenth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
ten twats a twitching etc.
On the eleventh day of christmas my true love gave to me,
eleven luckless lickers etc.
On the twelfth day of christmas my true love gave to me,
twelve tied up trojans etc.

Another seasonal song Thanksgiving looks innocent enough but ruggers like to stagger the singing of the verse. Group B begins line 1 when group A has moved on to line 2. C begins line 1 while B is on 2 and A is on 3. Anyway, after a few go rounds it climaxes with everyone chanting the last line. Don't ask me why

ON THANKSGIVING

On thanksgiving, on thanksgiving,
don't eat bread, don't eat bread.
Stuff it in the turkey, stuff it in the turkey,
eat the bird, eat the bird.

Swing Low is one of the oldest of all the Negro Spirituals and possibly has its' roots among Bantu tribes in southeast Africa. Rugby players however, have developed their own unique choreography for this one P.B.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
comin' for to carry me home.
A band of angels comin' after me,
comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
comin' for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too,
comin' for to carry me home.

Giving credit where it's due, this great ditty would probably have slipped by us had it not been for the perseverance of its' chief promoter, the ubiquitous Hahnamon John Wetzels, wearing the coat of many colors.

VATICAN RAG

First you get down on your knees,
Fiddle with your rosary beads,
Bow your head with great respect,
And genuflect, genuflect, genuflect.

Do just any step you want to
If you've cleared it with the pontif
Everybodys sayin'
Kyrie Elayson, doin' the Vatican Rag.

Get in line in that processional,
File into that small confessional,
There's the guy whose got religion
who'll tell you if your sins original.

If it is try playing safer,
Drink the wine and chew the wafer.
Two four six eight
Time to transubstantiate.

So, first you get down on your knees,
Fiddle with your rosary beads,
Bow your head in great respect,
And genuflect, genuflect, genuflect.

Make a cross on your abdomen,
 When in Rome do like a Roman,
 Ave Maria, gee it's good to see ya,
 Gottin' extatican, being dramatican,
 Doin' the Vatican Rag.

standing on the bridge at midnight

Life presents a dismal picture
 Dark and dreary as the tomb
 Father's got an anal structure
 Mother's got a fallen womb

Standing on the bridge at midnight
 Throwing snowballs at the moon
 She said "Jack I've never had it"
 But she spoke to fucking soon.

On that same bridge ten years later
 Picking blackheads from her crotch
 She said "Jack I've never had it"
 I said "No not fucking much"

Sister Sue has been aborted
 For the forty-second time
 Brother Bill has been reported
 For a homosexual crime.

Nurse has chronic menstruation
 Never laughs and never smiles
 Mine's a dismal occupation
 Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles

In a small brown paper parcel
 Wrapped in a mysterious way
 Is an irritation rectum
 Granddad uses twice a day.

Joe the postman called this morning
 Stuck his prick through the door
 We could not despite endearment
 Get it out till half-past four.

Even now the baby's started
 Having epileptic fits
 Every time it coughs it spews
 Every time it farts it shits.

Yet we are not broken-hearted
 Neither are we up the spout
 Aunty Mabel has just farted
 Blown her asshole inside out

Standing on the bridge at midnight
 She said "Jack it's much too wide"
 So I grabbed on her clitoris
 And I swung from side to side.

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSHING?

Was it you who did the pushing,
 left the stains upon the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you, you sly woodpecker
 got into my girl Rebecca?
 If it was you'd better leave this town.

Well, it was I who did the pushing,
 left the stains upon the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down.

But ever since I've had your daughter,
 I've had trouble passing water.
 So I guess we're even all around.

This song was the brainchild of the child brained
 Jim Rolley who wrote its' first verses. The rest
 were written late one night at Rolley's Lansdale
 estate during a farewell party for Ned Bachus in
 1972. Ned and the song both came back. Good things
 come in pairs?

NEEDLE DICK

The story is for seamstress'.
 The story is for threads,
 But most of all the story is for
 Folks who fuck in bed.

Chorus:

Needle Dick, the old bug fucker...
 Needle Dick, the old bug fucker...
 Needle Dick, the old bug fucker...
 He fucked so long that his balls fell off.

Oh, sing your song of coleoptra,
Sing it loud and true,
Ole Needle Dick has got them all
And next he's getting you.

Oh, we know he plays for Blackthorn,
We know he is a star,
But when he takes his jock off,
There's nothing but a scar.

We know he's fucked a weevil,
We know he's fucked a roach.
But he didn't make the "A" team,
Until he fucked the coach.

The old black widow,
She looked near and far,
She finally found his pecker,
In the back seat of his car.

He found a praying mantis,
Lying in the scrum,
And when he laid upon her,
He couldn't even come.

He bought a wooden phallus,
To fuck a termite chick,
But when she saw that morsel,
She gnawed his wooden dick.

I'm not a deeply religious man, but I suggest you
take a few steps back from the man who starts this
song. It's good insurance against stray lightning
bolts. The closing couplets can go on for as long
as grossities hold out.

J.C.

Five foot nine, he's divine,
Changes water into wine.
Has anybody seen J.C.?

He's real neat, he's real cool,
He just walked across my pool.
Has anybody seen J.C.?

So if you run into a bearded Jew, covered with thorns,
Changes water into wine, bet your ass that he's divine.

Mother Mary she's the most, she got ____
 By the Holy Ghost.
 Has anybody seen J.C.?

Five foot two, eyes are blue
 Good ole Mary sure could screw.
 Has anybody seen J.C.?

Without his pants on,
 Has anybody seen J.C.?

With an erection,
 Has anybody seen J.C.?

Cornhole his brother,
 Has anybody seen J.C.?

Eat out his mother,
 Has anybody seen J.C.?

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary
 Are massive and hairy
 They're shapely and stately
 Like the dome of St Paul's
 The people all muster to view the great cluster
 They stand and they stare
 At the bloody great pair
 Of O'Leary's balls.

AMAZING! GRACE

Amazing Grace I love your face
 I love you in your nightie
 When the moonlight flits
 Across your tits
 Oh Jesus Christ Almighty!

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle deee, said the fiddlers,
What merry merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare,
With Blackthorn R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his tailors three.
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle deee, said the fiddlers,
What merry merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare,
With Blackthorn R.F.C.

The jugglers had two very fine balls
Throw your balls in the air.

The butchers had choppers
put it on the block, chop it off.

The barmaids had candles
pull it out, pull it out, pull it out.

The cyclists had pedals
Round and round, round and round.

The painters had brushes
wop it up and down, up and down.

The carpenters had hammers
Bang away, bang away, bang away.

The surgeons had knives
cut it round the knob, make it throb.

The fishermen had rods
Mine is six feet long.

The coalmen had sacks.
Want it in the front or the back?

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Chorus:

I don't want to join the army,
 I don't want to go to war,
 I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady
 I don't want a bayonett up me arse hole
 I don't want me buttocks shot away
 For I'd rather stay in England
 In merry merry England
 And fornicate my bloody life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
 On Wednesday afternoon, I grabbed her pantaloons.
 Thursday I touched her on the thigh.
 Friday I had me hand upon it.
 Saturday I gave it such a twitch,
 That on Sunday after supper,
 I rammed me upright up her
 And now I'm paying 7/6 a week.

Call out the army and the navy
 Call out the air corps and the reserves
 Call out me mother,
 Me sister and me brother,
 But blimy, don't call me.

Chorus:

THE VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
 The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
 The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
 That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girl friend,
 She was a virgin tried and true,
 Ever since she had that caviar,
 There ain't nothing she won't do.

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
 Grandpa's age is ninety-three,
 And next time I saw grandpa,
 He'd chased grandma up a tree.

My father was a lighthouse keeper,
 He had caviar for his tea,
 He had three children by a mermaid,
 Two were kippers, one was me.

I gave caviar to my bow-wow
 All the others looked agog,
 He had what those bitches wanted,
 Wasn't he a lucky dog?

Oysters are prolific bivalves,
 Rear their young ones in their shell,
 How they piddle is a riddle,
 But they do, so what the hell.

The female clam is optimistic,
 Shoots her eggs out in the sea
 She hopes her suitor as a shooter,
 Hits the self-same spot as she.

SEVEN OLD LADIES

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
 Seven old ladies lacked in the lavatory,
 They were there from Sunday to Saturday,
 Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to
 have tea with the Vicar,
 They went in together,
 They thought it was quicker,
 But the lavatory door was a bit of a sticker,
 And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
 And though she was known
 as a bit of a rover,
 She liked it so much
 she thought she'd stay over,
 And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,
 She found herself in a desperate pickle,
 Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
 And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the
 Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
 Who went in to pass some superfluous water,
 She pulled on the chain
 and the rising tide caught her,
 And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigail Humphrey,
 Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
 And then she found out
 she could not get her bum free
 And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
 Who was doing all right
 'till a vagrant suspender
 Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
 And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
 She only sat down on a personal whim
 But she somehow got pinched
 twixt the cup and the brim,
 And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
 Went in with a bottle to booze on the sly,
 She jumped on the seat
 and fell in with a cry,
 And nobody knew she was there.

WHOREDEAN SCHOOL

We are from Whoredean, good girls are we.
 We take no pride in our virginity.
 We take precautions, and avoid abortions,
 For we are from Whoredean School

Chorus:

Up school, up school, up school,
 Hey up school, shit!
 Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da,
 Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat
 She lets us go walking in the street.
 We sell our titties for threepenny bitties
 Outside of Whoredean school.

Our school nurse, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot.
It saves many marriages, and forced miscarriages,
For the girls from Whoredean school.

Our school physician, we call him doc
You ought to see the size of his cock
He puts it on the table, we stamp it with our label
OK for Whoredean school.

Our head prefect, her name is Jane,
She only wants it now and again,
And again, and again, and again,
And again.

Our gym teacher, he is a fool
He only has a teeny weeny tool.
It's all right for keyholes, and little girlies peeholes
But not right for Whoredean school.

Our school gardener he makes us drool,
You ought to see the size of his tool,
It's all right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,
And just right for Whoredean school.

We go to Whoredean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done.
When we lie down, we hole it in one,
For we are from Whoredean school.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she could have a go,
But she surprized the Vicar, by raising him quicker,
Than anyone from Whoredean school.

When we go down to the sea for a swim,
The people remark at the size of our brim
You can bet your bottom dollar,
 it's as big as a horses collar,
For we are from Whoredean school.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

For forty days and forty nights
 We sailed the broad Atlantic,
 And never to pass a piece of ass,
 It drove us nearly frantic.

Chorus:

Away, away with fife and drum
 Here we come full of rum
 Lookin' for women who'll peddle
 their bum
 On the North Atlantic Squadron.

The cook she ran around the deck
 The Captain he pursued her,
 He caught her on the afterdeck
 The dirty bastard screwed her.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
 The dirty little nipper,
 He filled his bum with bubble gum,
 And vulcanized the skipper.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy
 The dirty little nipper,
 He filled his ass with broken glass
 And circumsized the skipper.

The Captain loved the cabin boy,
 He loved him like a brother,
 And every night between the sheets
 They cornholed one another.

The second mate did masturbate,
 No prick was higher or wider
 They cut off his cock upon a rock
 For pissing in the cider.

In days of old when knights were bold,
 And women weren't particular,
 They lined them up against the wall
 And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when men were bold,
 And Hohnnies weren't invented,
 They wrapped a sock around their cock.
 And babies were prevented.

We're off, 'we're off to Montreal,
 We'll fuck the women
 We'll fuck them all,
 We'll pickle their cherries in alcohol,
 On the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Montreal,
 She spread her legs from wall to wall,
 But all she got was sweet fuck all
 From the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Singapore
 Hung upside down inside a door,
 And she was left
 Split, worn, and sore
 By the North Atlantic Squadron.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner,
 My mother makes illicit gin,
 My sister sells kisses to sailors,
 My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God
 how the money rolls in, rolls in
 Rolls in, rolls in, my God
 how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
 Every night when the evening grows dim,
 She hangs out a little red lantern,
 My God how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
 With instruments long, sharp and thin,
 He only does one operation,
 My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
 His business in holes and in tin,
 He'll plug your hole for a tanner,
 My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
 He saves fallen women from sin,
 He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
 My God how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
 And punctures the head with a pin,
 For Grandma gets rich from abortions,
 My God how the money rolls in.

My uncle is carving out candles,
 From wax that is surgically soft,
 He hopes it'll fill up the gap
 If ever his business wears off.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
 For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,
 She's stripping from morning to midnight,
 My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girls' seminary,
 Teaching young girls to begin,
 She doesn't say where they finish,
 My God how the money rolls in.

I've lost all me cash on the horses,
 I'm sick from the illicit gin,
 I'm falling in love with my father,
 My God what a mess I am in.

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

In the days of old there lived a maid,
 She was the mistress of her trade,
 A prostitute of high repute
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus:

Hi Ho Cathusalem, Cathusalem, Cathusalem
 Hi Ho Cathusalem, the Harlot of Jerusalem

And though she fucked for many a year
 Of pregnancy she had no fear,
 She washed her passage out with beer,
 The best in all Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall
 A student lived with but one ball,
 Who'd been through all , or nearly all
 The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree
 With customary where-lust he
 Made up his mind to call and see
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
 That he should need to root his pud,
 And chose her out of all the brood
 Of harlots of Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,
 This syphilitic spawn of hell,
 Struck down each year and tolled the bell
 For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

Forth from the town he took the slut,
 For 'twas his whim always to rut,
 By the Salvation Army hut
 Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,
 He took out from its filthy nook,
 His organ twisted like a crook
 The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum
 And tied her at the knee and bum,
 Knowing where the station would come,
 Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,
 And rattling like a Lewis gun,
 He sowed the seed of many a son
 Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick
 To hear him grunt so fast and quick
 While rending with his crooked prick
 The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
 With warty prick besmeared with shite,
 He'd sworn that he would goal that night
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the act of copulation,
 For his delight was masturbation,
 And with a spurt of cruel elation
 He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
 With roars of rage he rent the air,
 And vowed that he would soon take care
 Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick
 To which he fastened half a brick
 And took a swipe at the mighty prick
 Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,
 Without a single furious look
 And flung him over Hadron's brook
 That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar
 And rushed to even up the score,
 And with his swollen cock did bore
 The cunt of Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight
 He pushed the bastard Onanite,
 And rubbed his face in Cath's shite
 The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part
 She closed her eyes and blew a fart,
 That sent him flying like a dart,
 Right over Old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee
 He flew straight out towards the sea,
 But caught his asshole in a tree,
 That grows in Old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see
 His asshole hanging from that tree,
 Let that to you a warning be
 When passing through Jerusalem

And when the moon is bright and red,
 A castrated form sails overhead,
 Still raining curses on the head
 Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

Aboard the good ship Venus
By God, you should have seen us
With a maidenhead of a whore in bed
And a mast of a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating
There was fuck all else to do.

The cabin boy's name was Chipper
A randy little nipper
He filled his ass with broke glass
And circumcised the skipper.

The captain's wife was Charlotte
Born and bred a harlotte
Her thighs at night were lilly white
By morning they were scarlet

The captain's daughter Mabel
Was young and fresh and able
To fornicate with the second mate
Upon the chartroom table.

The captain's youngest daughter
Was washed into the water
Screams and squeels revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarters.

The ship's dog's name was rover
We worked that poor thing over
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Totterin to Dover.

The cook's name was Freeman
By God he was a demon
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen

The first mate's name was Hopper
By God he had a whopper
Twice round the deck, once round his neck
And up his ass as a stopper.

One seaman named O'Malley
He didn't dilly dally,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
 He was a hymen tester,
 Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
 And left it there to fester.

A homo was the Purser,
 He couldn't have been worsser,
 With all the crew he had a screw,
 Until they yelled: "Oh no sir."

The captain of this lugger
 He was a dirty bugger
 He wasn't fit to shovel shit
 From one place to another.

The captain's name was Morgan
 O Lord he was a gorgon
 Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play
 Upon his sexual organ

The end of this narration
 Came in jubulation,
 For they sunk the junk in a sea of spunk,
 Caused by mutual masturbation.

Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
 Said the fair young maiden,
Open the door you dirty whore,
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 Open the door you dirty whore,
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Oh what is it that you want?
 Lie on your back and open your crack.

What's that running down my leg?
 It's only a drop that missed the spot.

What if I should have a child?
 We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch.

What if we should go to jail?
 I'll swing my cock and break the lock.

What if my Ma should find out?
 If she'll agree we'll make it three.

These Foolish Things Remind Me of You

Two tons of titty in a loose brassiere,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejaculations in my beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A fresh raped virgin on a marble slab,
A toothless blow-job in a taxi cab,
The pus that oozes from your vaginal scab,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Naked photographs of Liberace,
The fragrant odor of your rotten crotch,
Syphilitic sores that make your face so blotchy,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bloody Kotex in a toilet bowl,
Dingleberries in your brown asshole,
A pubic hair upon my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pool of blood beside a dying whore,
A moldy douchbag on a bar room floor,
I got her cherry, she was 94,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bishop farting at his first high mass,
A lizard knocking off a piece of ass,
A quivering cunt that's full of broken glass,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pile of turds upon the ball room floor,
A prostitute that yells for more, more, more,
An aged cunt that's like a big trap door,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A baby sucking on a pubic hair,
A couple fucking on the back hall stair,
A cunt that's torn beyond repair,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubescent piglet at the junior prom,
An upset stomach when I ate your mom,
Slippery sperm deposited in your palm,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The rugby party in the old hayloft,
The players cheering as you sucked me off,
A hot white stream, the blast that made you cough,
These foolish things remind me of you.

That toothless smile when you reach your peak,
 Gonhorrea and a shot last week,
 A fresh blown booger on an asses cheek,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

Steaming semen and a Lorna Doone,
 Farts from your ass playing a catchy tune,
 Cunnilingus aided with a spoon,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

Infected pimples looked like rosy rubies,
 Symmetric stretch marks 'round your sagging boobies,
 You picked your nose, and licked off all the goobies,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

Head up my asshole and you had to sneeze,
 Your flaxen triangle that harbored fleas,
 Your recipe for mellow fumunda cheese,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

A rusty dildo gave you quite a shock,
 We stopped the bleeding with an old sweat sock,
 Aborted fetus pickled in a crock,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

Sunday trips to the Milwaulee zoo,
 You blew a tiger and a kangaroo,
 Jacked-off a bear, your hair was filled with goo,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

The tempting orifices in your nose,
 Gooley breakfast from between your toes,
 The soiled crotch of your panty hose,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

Whipped cream and the butterfly flick,
 Dingleberries fondued on a stick,
 Prophylactics dried upon my prick,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

No FDS to stop the odor from it,
 Loose gooley bowels shot out like Haley's Comet,
 Two sweetheart straws, a glass of day old vomit,
 These foolish things remind me of you.

Roll Me Over

Now this is number 1 and the fun has just begun
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again,
 Roll me over, in the clover
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

2 and my hand is on her shoe
 3 and my hand is on her knee
 4 and I'm really hot for more
 5 and my hand is on her thigh
 6 and I'm really in a fix
 7 and I feel like I'm in heaven
 8 and the doctor's at the gate
 9 and the baby's doing fine
 10 and it's time to start again

MOTHER

M is for the many times you made me
 O is for the other times you tried
 T is for the tourist cabin weekends
 H is for the hell you raised inside
 E is for the everlasting passion
 R is for the wreck you made of me
 Put that all together, they spell Mother
 And that is what you made of me.

The Sexual Life of a Camel

The sexual life of a camel
 is stranger than anyone thinks.
 At the height of the mating season
 he tries to bugger the sphinx
 But the sphinxes posterior orifice
 is clogged by the sands of the Nile
 Which accounts for the hump on the camel
 and the sphinxes inscrutable smile.

Singing rump tittie tittie
 rump tittie tittie tittie rump
 Rump tittie tittie rump tittie tittie ay!
 Singing rump tittie tittie
 rump tittie tittie tittie rump
 The asshole is here to stay
 For we're all queers together
 that's why we go round in pairs
 Yes we're all queers together
 excuse us while we go up stairs.

Through the process of syphilization
 from the anthrapoid ape down to man
 It is commonly known that the navy
 has buggered whatever it can
 But recent extensive researches
 by Darwin, Huxley and Hall
 Has conclusively shown that the hedgehog
 has never been buggered at all.
 Well they've done it at Oxford and Cambridge
 They've done it at Harvard and Yale
 They've successfully buggered the hedgehog
 by shaving the spines off it's tale.

The Engineer's Song

After each line the chorus chimes:
 A rum tittie, rum tittie, rum tittie, rum

The engineer told me before he died
 And I've no reason to believe that he lied
 He had a wife with a cunt so wide
 That she could not be satisfied
 So he built a bloody great wheel
 With balls of brass and a prick of steel
 The balls of brass he filled with cream
 And the whole bloody issue was powered by steam
 He placed his wife upon the bed
 And tied her legs behind her head
 He set the machine in a position to fuck
 And wished his wife the best of luck
 Round and round went the bloody great wheel
 And in and out went the prick of steel
 Up and Up went the level of steam
 And Down and Down went the level of cream
 Until at last his wife she cried
 "Enough, enough I'm satisfied"
 Now we come to the tragic bit
 There was no way of stopping it
 She was split from ass to tit
 And the whole bloody issue was covered with shit
 Now we come to the part that's grim
 It jumped off her and jumped on him
 Nine months later a child was born
 With balls of brass and a big steel horn
 A rum!

Cats on The Rooftops

When you wake up in the morning
 and you're feeling rather grand.
 And you've got a funny feeling in your
 seminary gland.
 If you haven't got a woman
 Whats the matter with your hand?
 As you revel in the joys masturbation

Chorus:

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles
 Cats with syphalus, cats with piles,
 Cats with their assholes, reamed in smiles.
 As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The regimental sergeant major leads
 a miserable life,
 He can't afford a mistress and
 he doesn't have a wife.
 So he puts it up the bottom
 of the regimental Fife.
 As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime
 with a surge of sexual joy
 And your wife has got the rag on
 and your daughter's rather coy,
 Then jam it up the backside of your
 favorite choir boy
 As you revel in the joys of fornication.

Long legged curates grind like goats
 Pale faced spinsters shag like Stoats
 And the whole damn world stands by and gloats.
 As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke
 He hardly ever gets a poke
 But when he does, he lets it soak.....

The cyster is a paragon of purity
 And you can't tell the he from the she
 But he can tell, and so can she.....

A thousand verses , they all rhyme
 To sit and sing them seems a crime.
 When we could better spend our time.
 Reveling in the joys of fornication.

This next song is called Nellie 'Awkins. I don't know why.

Nellie 'Awkins

She wore no blouses and I wore no trousers,
 And she wore no underclothes,
 And when she caressed me, She damn near undressed me,
 It's a thrill that no one knows.
 I went to the doctor, He said "Where did ya block 'er?"
 I said "Down where the green grass grows."
 He said, "Quick as a twinklo
 The pimple on your winklo
 Will be bigger than a red, red rose."

The Bastard King of England

Minstrels sing of an English king
 'Twas many a year ago
 How he ruled the land with an iron hand
 Though his mind was weak and slow.

He used to chase the bounding stag
 Through the royal wood.
 He was also exceedingly fond
 Of pulling the royal pud.

His only needed garment
 Was a woolen undershirt
 With which he tried to hide his hide
 But he couldn't hide the dirt.

Chorus:

He was fourty fat and full of fleas
 And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.
 God bless the bastard king of England.

The Spanish queen was a spritely dame
 An enormous dame was she.
 She loved to play with his majesty's tool
 So far across the sea.

She sent an invitation
 By special messenger
 Asking his royal potentate
 To spend three months with her.

When King Phillip heard of this
 He swore to all his court
 Ah, she prefers me rival
 Because my horn is short.

Chorus:

So he sent the Duke of Syphillis chap
To give the Queen a dose of clap
Which didn't do old England any harm.

When the news of this foul deed
Reached old Windsor's wall
The King he swore by the shirt he wore
He would eat King Phillip's balls.

So he offered half his Kingdom
And the hand of Queen Hortence
To any man among them
Who would nut the King of France.

So the noble Duke of Shorbrook
He botook himself to France
And said he was a fluter
So the King took down his pants.

Chorus:

Around his prong he slipped a tong
Then mounted his horse and galloped along
And took him to the bastard King of England.

The King throw up his breakfast
And fainted to the floor
For on the ride, the Frenchman's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.

Now all the English ladies
Came down from London town
And took one look at the Frenchman's tool
And said to hell with the English crown.

Chorus:

The King of France upsired the throne
The sextor was a royal bone
With which he crowned the bastard King of England.

Hitler

Hitler, has only got one ball
Georing's got two but they're both small
Himmler's are somewhat similar
But good old Goebel's got no balls at all.

The Rebels Salute

Oh Viet Nam is the kind of sham
That Nixon gets his kicks on
And Capital Hill is the kind of hill
that people can get sick on
I'd like to screw Spiro Agnew
With a dildo made of brass on
And the presidents flag is the kind of rag
That a sane man wipes his ass on.

Oh white and black is the kind of hack
That Wallace gets his kicks on
For what I mean they should quarenteen
States below the Mason Dixon
And I'd like to pee on Robert E Lee
With his goddamn grey black brass on
And the rebel flag is the kind of rag
That a Yankee wipes his ass on.

The Pope

There's a place that's far over the ocean
With a man who has got a great notion
And he is the worlds greatest hope
He's Giovanni Montini the pope
Chorus:

Giovanni Baptiste Montini
He lives in the Vaticannini
He's Italian he doesn't use soap
He's Giovanni Montini the pope

An athiest tried to distract him
He don't even let it upset him
He just makes a sign on his chest
Lets his boss man take care of the rest

Oh the sheriff would never suppenie
Giovanni Baptiste Montini
For he knows that he could never quibble
With a man who is infalabile

Giovanni Baptiste Montini
He lives in the Vaticannini
He's Italian he doesn't smoke dope
He's Giovanni Montini you know who I meanie
the one with the beanie , Giovanni Montini the pope

Our Baby Died Last Night

Our baby died last night
 It lived but 48 hours
 And it cost a hundred dollars
 It was a lousey baby anyway
 It's head had turned to mush
 It squashed between my fingers
 It's little blood still lingers
 It was a lousey baby anyway
 Although he tried to bite us
 Lord he died just to spite us
 Of spinal meningitis
 Was a lousey baby anyway
 so we ate it

whole!

Fight for Liberation

In the draft board here we sit
 Covered o'er with Nixon shit
 While Australia's turnin' Agnew's dirty bills
 And the people as they pass
 They shove Helvin up our ass
 So I guess we've had our god damn fuckin' fill

Chorus

Fight fight fight for liberation
 Break break break the social scheme
 We will drag the bastards down
 And we'll grind them in the ground
 And replace them with a working class régime

Oh we'll send the firing squad
 After Cardinal Spellman's god
 McNamara he will be the next in line
 Then we'll pump some LSD
 Into Jackie Kennedy
 And we'll make her fuck the workers overtime

Then we'll get a bloody rope
 And we'll hang the fucking pope
 And we'll burn the Cistine chapel to the ground
 Then we'll turn our tommy guns
 On the screaming ravaged nuns
 And the peoples voice will be the only sound

If you hate the working class
 But you'd like to save your ass
 Then you better give your money to the poor
 Or we'll sell your mother twat
 To a sailor on your yacht
 And we'll turn your favorite daughter to a whore.

Those last four songs are from the pen of Pat Sky who is one of the sickest people ever to inhabit the earth.

Shine Your Buttons with Brasso

My father's a lavetry cleaner
He cleans them by day and by night
And when he comes home in the evening
He's covered all over with...

Chorus

Shine your buttons with brasso
It's only three ha pence a tin
You can buy it or whip it from Woolworths
But I don't think they've got any in.

And when it came 'round to Christmas
He gave my ma ma a big fright
For instead of bringing her chocklets
He brought her a box full of ...

Some say that he died of a feaver
Some say that he died of a fit
But I know very well what he died of
He died from the smell of the ...

Some say that he's burried in a graveyard
Some say that he's burried in a pit
But I know very well what he's burried in
He's burried in six feet of ...

Let Me Lick Your Vulva

Let me lick your vulva I'm in love with you
Let me squeeze your nipples 'till they're black and blue
Let me lick your pussie 'till it's filled with gue
Let me lick your vulva I'm in love with you

Let me lick your vulva I'm in love with you
Let me bite your clit until your dripping drow
Let me fuck your ass hole 'till you love me too
Let me lick your vulva I'm in love with you

Lion!

Lion?

Fuck the lion!

You'd fuck a lion?

I'd fuck the lion's mother!

You must be a lion mother fucker.

Blinded By Turds

There was an old lady who lived in our town
 Whose asshole was stuffed with a great smelly brown
 She took a large dose without reading the box
 And before she could strip turds were flying like rocks

Chorus

Singing tur ra la tur ra la tur ra la lay

She ran to the window and stuck out her ass
 When just at that moment a stranger did pass
 He smelled a strong fart settle down on that place
 When a fucking big turd hit him right in the face

He ran to the east and he ran to the west
 When a fast flying turd hit him right in the chest
 He ran to the north and he ran to the south
 When another big turd hit him right in the mouth

So next time you walk out be careful of shit
 Look out where you walk and don't step in it
 And pity the poor beggar whose sign bears those words
 I am an old man who was blinded by turds

And as you pass by please contribute a bit
 To the sorrowful old fellow who was blinded by shit.

INCHES ONE

I gave her inches one inches one
 I gave her inches one inches one
 I gave her inches one she said baby this is fun
 Put your belly next to mine and drive it on

Two baby this won't do
 Three babe your teasing me
 Four baby I want more
 Five baby it's alive
 Six baby this is kixs
 Seven baby I'm in heaven
 Eight baby this is great
 Nine baby this is fine
 ten babe let's come again
 eleven baby this is heaven
 twelve baby this is hell
 put your peter in your pants and drive me home

No Balls At All

Oh listen my children a story you'll hear
 A song I will sing you t'will fill you with cheer
 A charming young maiden was wed in the fall
 She married a man who had no balls at all

Chorus

No balls at all, no balls at all
 She'd married a man who had no balls at all

The night of the wedding she jumped into bed
 Her breasts were a heaving her legs were well spread
 She reached for his penis his penis was small
 She reached for his balls he had no balls at all

Oh mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
 I've married a man who's unable to screw
 For many long years I've evaded the call
 To marry a man who's got no balls at all

Oh mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
 My troubles are many my pleasures are few
 How did you ever allow me to fall
 For this son of a bitch who's got no balls at all?

Oh daughter dear daughter now don't feel so sad
 I had the same trouble with your dear old dad
 There are lots of young men who'll come at the call
 Of the wife of the man who's got no balls at all

Now the daughter she followed her mother's advice
 And she found the proceedings exceedingly nice
 A seven pound baby was born in the fall
 But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.

Born In A Whorehouse (Beautiful Dreamer)

Born in a whorehouse raised like a slave
 Drinking and fucking are all that I crave
 Smashing in windows breaking down doors
 Calling old ladies chickenshit whores
 Little old lady bring me a teddy
 I want to go out and fuck everybody

Mother!
 Mother?
 Fuck your mother!
 You'd fuck my mother?
 I'd fuck your mother's mother!
 Then you must be a grand mother fucker!

Here's a fine trio of songs: the first two being particularly popular as they are traditionally sung to someone who has botched the verse of another song.

He Ought to be Publicly Pissed On

He ought to be publicly pissed on
 He ought to be publicly shot
 And left in a public urinal
 To lay there and fester and rot.
 Him, him, fuck him!

Why Was He Born So Beautiful?

Why was he born so beautiful?
 Why was he born at all?
 He's no fucking good to anyone.
 He's no fucking good at all.
 Him , him, fuck him!

The Whores of San Pedro

The whores of San Pedro are older than God.
 And their beards dangle down past their tits,
 But one mighty pump of their ponderous rump
 Will grind your poor pecker to bits.

Chorus

Well here's to the whores of San Pedro
 That marvelous fucking machine,
 And if I had my way, you could see them today,
 On the cover of Time magazine.

Roll Your Leg Over

Chorus

Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,
 Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean,
 If I were a sperm whale, I'd show them the motion.

I wish all the girls were like fish in the pool,
 And I were a shark with a waterproof tool.

I wish all the girls were like fish in a brookie,
 If I were a trout, well I'd get me some nookie.

I wish all the girls were cows in the pasture,
 If I were a bull, I'd fill them with rapture.

I wish all the girls were like mares in the stable,
 And I were a stallion, I'd show them I'm able.

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style.

I wish all the girls were like little red foxes,
If I were a hunter, I'd shoot up their boxes.

I wish all the girls were like bells in the tower,
If I were a sexton, I'd bang on the hour.

I wish all the girls were like bats in the steeple,
If I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

I wish all the girls were like trees in the forest,
If I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris.

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits,
If I were a hare, I'd teach them bad habits.

I wish all the girls were like gals down in Sidney,
I ain't got much left, But I still got one kidney.

I wish all the girls were like B 29's
If I were a jet, I'd buzz their behinds.

I wish all the girls were like diamonds and rubies,
If I were a jeweler, I'd polish their boobies.

I wish all the girls were like coals on the stoker,
If I were a fireman, I'd shove them my poker.

I wish all the girls were like little white kittens,
And I were a tomcat, I'd make them new fittings.

I wish all the girls were like blind little moles
I'd find their burrows and fill up their holes.

I wish all the girls were up for improvement,
I'd give them some help with my ball-bearing movement.

I wish all the girls were like wheels on a car,
And I were a piston, We'd go twice as far.

I wish all the girls were like rushes a-growing
I'd take out my scythe and set out a-mowing.

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were a man with a petrified penis.

There's some who would hide them, conceal them or bind
them
But hide or forbid, I'm the kid who would find them.

If all them girls were singing this song,
It'd be twice as filthy and ten times as long.

Wild West Show

Chorus

We're off to see the wild west show,
 The elephants and the kangaroo-oo-oo
 No matter what the weather,
 As long as we're together,
 We're off to see the wild west show.

Caller

In this corner, ladies and gentlemen we have the Shark

Chorus

Fantastic , incredible, what the bloody fuck is the Shark?

Caller

The Shark, ladies and gentlemen, is the only fish in the sea that eats seamen.

Giraffe the only animal in the world that can walk into a bar and truthfully say, "The highballs are on me."

Mathematical Impossibility The girl who was eight before she was seven.

Orangutang an animal that has one ball made of brass and one ball made of steel, and as he swings thru the trees, the only sound you can hear is O-rang-u-tang! O-rang-u-tang!

Queer Indian he was a brave fucker.

Tattooed Lady has an "M" tattooed on one ass cheek and an "M" tattooed on the other ass cheek, and when she bends over it spells "MOM" , and when she does somersaults it spells WOW MOM WOW

The other tattooed lady has Merry Christmas tattooed on one thigh, and Happy New Year tattooed on the other thigh, and she'll be glad to have you come up between the holidays.

Vanishing Bird a tiny bird with no defenses whatsoever, so when pursued by its' onomies, it flies in ever-decreasing concentric circles until it vanishes up its' own asshole; from which safe but insolubrious position it hurls shit and defiance at its' pursuers.

Fagowee Tribe a tiny pigmy tribe that are only three feet tall, and they live in the five foot tall grasslands of deepest, darkest Africa. And all day long, they go running around yelling "Where the fuck are we?"

Color of the ground at Custer's last stand white 'cause those Indians kept comin and comin and comin

Station Wagon a very deceptive vehicle it is bigger than most people think. It's so big that you can get ate in the front seat and sixty-nine in the back.

The perverted furnature salesman was recently locked up by the alert Ambler police force for attempting to sell a blood stained sofa as a period piece.

The migit apachee was the only indian ever kicked out of the Chickowi tribe because all of his scalps had holes in them.

The cross between the Chinese and the French girl I don't know what she is but if you take her home with you she eats your laundry.

The cross between the prostitute and the peanut butter sandwich she's the only piece of tail that sticks to the roof of your mouth.

The queer bear he laid his paw on the table.

The homosexual spider he's always trying to play with another spider's fly.

The horny mouse The horny mouse is the most oversexed creature in the jungle. One day it was prowling through the jungle, horny as hell, when it spied an elephant and proceeded to hump it. While the mouse was working away, the elephant happened to step on a thorn. (all the while being completely unaware of the mouses struggleS) and let out a loud bellow to which the mouse replied, "Suffer, you bastard."

The porcupine is the only animal in the world with 40,000 pricks. No you can't take him home with you madam.

The winkywanky bird is an unusual creature. His fore-skin is attached to his eyelids so that when he winks he wanks and when he wanks he winks. Please don't throw sand in his eyes boys.

The polar bear lives in the middle of an iceberg. At the north end of the ice island the English ladies keep their English school, at the south end of the island, the French ladies keep their french school, and the polar bear in the middle keeps his private school.

The Crocigator is the only animal with the head of a crocidile at one end and the head of an alligator at the other end of his body. This makes him the meanest animal in the world. How does he shit? What do you think makes him so mean?

The ooh-ah bird. is a strange little creature. The male of the species lives at the north pole and the female at the south pole. Around and around they fly and never the twain do meet. But every leap year both sexes migrate toward the equator where they meet with the characteristic cry of ooh-ah ooh-ah

The ohnonutz bird is distinguished by the peculiar structure of its scrotal sac, which being some three feet long as compared to the overall size of the bird itself (being only some 5 ½ inches) is peculiar indeed. Anyway, this bird flies around the world, never tiring day after day, until finally it must out of sheer fatigue come in for a landing, which indeed it does with the cry of oh me nuts oh me nuts

The Siberian Snow Leopard The only 600 pound pussy that will eat you.

The dentist the only person who gets paid to put his tool in your mouth.

The First Troop ruggor the only guy who can date a girl for six long months and not even get to hold her hand. So one night he gets all his courage together and as he is going up to her door says "How about a good night fuck baby?" to which she replied "Alright, good night fuck."

The Doylestown ruggor the only guy who can go to bed, have a wet dream, and wake up with the crabs.

The Doylestown egotist Well this guy was so proud of his prick that he wrote on the bathroom wall "I've got 10 inches" under which a Blackthorn ruggor had written "Gee between the two of us we've got a full yard"

The Blackthorn ruggor every time this guy goes over to his woman's place for a fuck he pole vaults in through the bedroom window.

The totem pole Yes folks the totem pole. Didn't you ever wonder why an indian wore a jock strap.

Ich Bin Musiker

Ich bin musiker
 Von dem Vaterlander
 Ich kann spielen
 Was kann spielen?
 Auf meiner viola vio vio viola, vio vio viola
 vio, vio viola, vio vio viola.

Auf meiner trumpeta ba rump bum bum bum bum ba 4x
 " " piano pia pia piano 4x
 tambarine ba ba ba ba ba ba 4x
 telephone allo allo allo allo 4x
 picalo pica pica picalo 4x
 pantalo a zoom a zoom azoom a zoom 4x

Here are two versions of the same song. We usually don't try to confuse you but these both have firm roots in tradition. The first is the English version and the second the American version.

Red Wing

There once was an Indian miss
 Who went down to the river for a piss
 When a man in a punt
 He grabbed her by the cunt
 And he says my dear what's this?

She said at half-past nine
 When the moon comes out to shine
 We can have a little cunt
 In the bottom of the punt
 For the sake of auld lang sine.

When it came to the crucial hour
 She blossomed like an evening flower
 With blissful sighs
 He straddled her thighs
 And he rammed it home with fire.

When it came to the crucial point
 Her womb he did annoint
 He had ridden like a steed
 And he spent his seed
 And his knob came out of joint.

Now the organ at the end of his thing
 They tied it up with string
 And it looks quite quaint
 With some alabaster paint
 And a bell that goes ting a ling a ling

Now they often have a little bit of cunt
 At night in the bottom of the punt
 But she laughs like hell
 At the ringin' of the bell
 And the knob that's back to front

Now they both have died
 Sore but satisfied
 Where a statue was built
 Of a prick on a tilt
 And an orifice four foot wide

Oh I love a lassie a bonnie black madrassie
 She's as black as the coal that's burnt in hell
 As she wanders thru the bundoo
 With her fingers up her cundoo
 Tryin' to appreciate the smell.

Red Wing

There once was an indian maid
 And she was sore affraid
 That some buckaroo would put it up her coo
 As she laid sleeping in the shade
 So she had an idea grand
 She filled it up with sand (true grit)
 So no buckaroo could ram it up her coo
 And reach the promised land

Oh the moon shines bright on pretty red wing
 As she lay sleepin' a cowboy creepin'
 With his one good eye he was a peepin'
 He hoped to reach the promised land

Now he was a cowboy wise
 He got up on her thighs
 With an old rubber boot
 On the end of his foot
 He made poor red wing open up her eyes
 But when she'd come to life
 She grabbed her bowie knife
 With one quick pass
 This indian lass shortened his love life

Oh the moon shines bright on pretty red wing
 As she lay snoring two balls adorning
 And no longer do the boys go a whoring
 And red wing's happy all her life.

These next two songs were collected at the Philadelphia Folk Festival at a bawdy song workshop.

An Almost Dirty Song

There once was a farmer, sat on a rick
 The whole day he spent just waving his..
 pitchfork and shovel at each goose and duck
 While the schoolmistress taught us a new way to ..
 Educate our children to read and to write
 While the boys in the farm yard were shoveling the..
 Buck from the barn and the bire
 While the lord of the mansion was pulling his..
 Horse from the stable to go to a hunt
 His wife in her boudoir was polishing her..
 Nose from an alabaster box
 Reflecting no doubt on her last dose of..
 measles.

Paul the Horse

There was a maid and she lived on the hill
 Chorus: La dee la dee la dee lo
 She had good beer and ale for to sell
 Chorus: la dee lo la dee lo la dee la dee la dee lo

She had a daughter her name was Sis
 She kept her home to welcome her guests

There came a trooper riding by
 He called for drinks and ale hey! hi!

When one pint was done well he called for another
 He kissed the daughter before the mother

When night came on to bed they went
 It was with the mother's own consent

Quote she, "What is this so stiff and warm?"
 "It's Paul my nag, he will do you no harm."

"And what's this bag hangs under his chin?"
 "It's the bag that Paul puts his blunder in."

Quote he, "What is this?", quote she, "'Tis a well."
 "Where boy or nag can drink his fill."

"But what if my nag should chance to slip in?"
 "Grab a hold of the grass that grows on the brim."

"But what if the grass should chance to fail?"
 "Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail."

This is another version of An Almost Dirty Song
brought to us by Dennis O'Brien.

Suzanne Was A Lady

Suzanne was a lady with plenty of class
Who knocked the boys dead when she wiggled her..
Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do
To make it quite plain that she wanted to..
Go for a walk or a stroll through the grass
Then hurry back home for a nice piece of
Ice cream and cake and a piece of roast duck
And after each meal she was ready to..
Go for a walk or a stroll on the dock
With any young man with a sizable..
Roll of green bills and a pretty good front
And if he talked fast enough, she would show him her..
Little pet dog who's subject to fits,
And maybe let him grab hold of her..
Little white hand with a movement so quick
Then she'd lean over and tickle his..
Chin while she showed what she once learned in France
And asked the poor fellow to take off his..
Coat while she sang "Off the Mandalay Shore"
For whatever she was, Suzanne was no..bore.

Will You Marry Me

If I give you half a crown
Will you pull your knickers down
Will you marry? marry marry marry
Will you marry me?

In Falsetto:

If you give me half a crown
I won't pull my knickers down
I won't marry, marry marry marry,
I won't marry you.

Ed. Note; change just the first two lines with

If I give you half a note
Can I stuff it down your throat

If I give you a dime of grass
Can I shove it up your ass

If I give you an ounce of pot
Will you let me twist your twat

If I give you a red rose
Can I stuff it up your nose

If I give you fish and chips
Will you let me suck your tits

If I give you a shot of gin
Will you let me fill your brim

If I give you a pint of beer
Will you piss it in my ear

Just to prove that I'm sincere
Let me stick it in your ear

(the girl has denied all of these propositions ed. note)

If I give you my big chest
And all the money that I possess
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest
And all the money that you possess
I will marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will marry you.

Ho Ho Ho
You think your pretty funny.
You don't want me.
You want me fuckin' money.

The Highland Tinker

The lady of the manor
Was preparing for the ball,
When she saw the highland tinker,
Jacking off against the wall.

Chorus:

With his bloody great kidney wiper
And his balls the size of three
And a yard and a half of foreskin
Hangin' down below his knees
Hangin' down, inches thick
Oh my God! What a prick!
With a yard and a half of foreskin
Hangin' down below his knees.

So she wrote to him a letter,
And in it she did say,
That I'd rather be fucked by you sir
Than my husband any day.

Well the tinker read the letter,
 And he must have read it well,
 For his balls began to fester,
 And his prick began to swell.

So they brought to him his charger,
 And on it he did ride,
 With his balls across his shoulder,
 And his prick down by his side.

Well he rode up to the manor,
 And he rode up to the Hall,
 God save us cried the butler,
 He's come to fuck us all.

Well the penis of the tinker
 Was the source of the butlers fears,
 For he rammed it up his ass hole
 And it came out of his ears.

Oh he fucked 'em in the parlor,
 And he fucked 'em in the halls,
 But the way he fucked the butler,
 Was the funniest fuck of all.

Well the tinker's dead and gone now,
 He's buried in St. Paul,
 It took four and twenty butcher boys,
 To carry out his balls.

Some say he's gone to heaven
 And some say he's gone to hell
 Some say he's fucked the devil
 And he's fucked him very well.

Mary Lox

This is a tale of Mary Lox
 Who gave a thousand men the pox
 Soldiers and sailors and men of honor
 All paid the fee to climb upon her
 But now she's dead but not forgotten
 They've dug her up, and stuffed her rotten.

Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail
 Drinking pink gin for two bits
 And the swollen whiskey barrels
 Stood in awe beside her tits

Chorus:

I owe my darlin'. I owe my darlin'.
 I owe my darlin' Clementine.
 Two bent pennies and a nickel,
 I owe my darlin' Clementine.

Hung my guitar on the bar rail
 At the sweetness of the sigh
 In one leap leaped out me trousers
 Plunged into the foamy brine.

She was bawdy she was busty
 She could match the great bazoom
 And she strained out of her bloomers
 Like a mellow tree in bloom

Oh the oak tree and the cyprus
 Never more together twine
 Since that creeping poison ivy
 Laid its' blight on Clementine.

Your Spooning Days

Your spooning days are over,
 Your pilot light is out,
 What used to be your sex appeal
 Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed
 To make the thing behave,
 For every blooming morning
 It would stand up and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old.
 It sure gives you the blues,
 To see the thing hang down your leg,
 And watch you shine your shoes.

The tune to this song is The Wild Rover, but the words are from the past songmaster of Blackthorn, Ned Bachus.

The Beer Farter

Oh, the flatus is famous throughout our fair land
And its' power and glory are at your command
You only need summon the roar from your pit
And soon you'll evoke a loud fragment of shit

Chorus:

Oh it sticks to your ass hole
And it stinks when you ball
For there's no farts like beer farts
No, no farts at all

You may talk of your bean farts, your belches and burps
But to rival a beer fart there's nothing on earth
Sometimes oh so quiet, but oftentimes quite loud
And in either the case you can clear any crowd.

Oh go eat your chilli and drink lots of wine
And you may think your own farts impeccably fine
But lend me an ear, and a nose of you will
And just one of my beer farts will make you quite ill.

Oh, they call me the Farter from out of the East
I've farted on beer I would not give a beast
But whether its' Guinness or local brewed piss
My farts can't be rivaled for timber or pitch

I've farted in England, I've farted in Eire
And to fart 'round the world is my one great desire
The stench of my beer farts is known the world o'er
And medical science provides no known cure

I started in Philly, I'll end God knows where
But when I die you'll know by the stench in the air
They'll bury me under a full keg of beer
With a tube from my ass hole to poison the air.

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jill came down with half a crown
But not for fetching water.

Three Old Whores From Winnipeg

Three old whores from Winnipeg
Were drinking cherry wine,
Says one of them to the other two,
Yours is smaller than mine.

Chorus:

For it's hairy cunts and torn puds
And winds that blow the grass
There's many a penny that I 'ave made
With the hole that's next to my ass

You're a liar, says the second old whore,
Mine's as big as the sea,
The battle ships sail in and out
And never a bother to me.

You're a liar, says the third old whore,
Mine's as big as the moon,
The battle ships sail in on the first of the year,
They never come out till June.

You're a liar, says the first again,
Mine's as big as the air,
The battle ships sail in and out,
They never tickle a pair.

You're a liar, says the second again
mine is bigger than all,
For many the ships that sail right in,
And they never come out at all.

These next two ditties are fillers because I don't
want to start a new song near the end of the page.

Whistle while you work
Hitler is a jerk
Mussolini caught his peenie
Now it doesn't work

When Lord St. Clancy became a nancy
It did not please the family fancy
And so in order to protect him
They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This ass hole is reserved for peerage."

This is another Pat Sky song from the Philadelphia Folk Festival.

The Fly

Oh dogs delight to bark and bite
And little birds do sing
But all the fly can find to do
Is shit on everything

In every room throughout the house
You'll find the pesky fly
And there they sit and shit and shit
And shit until they die

And when at last a fly does die
His friends come to his wake
And there they sit and shit and shit
At shit they take the cake

They gather 'round that poor dead fly
Who'd given up the ghost
And there they hold a race to see
Which fly can shit the most

And the fly that shits the biggest shit
They deem him for king is fit
And crown him with a golden crown
All garnished o'er with shit

HORSES ASS

John Galante, John Galante
John Galante is a horses ass

He is a dilly, he drives us all so silly
John Galante is a horses ass

His face is a museum all the people come to see him
John Galante is a horses ass

He is the meanest, he sucks a horses penis
John Galante is a horses ass

Note: If you do not have a John Galante on your team
just add the name of your favorite player.

This is a favorite salutation from our Italian players
Mario and Lino Giampaolo

translation:

Philadelphia, Philadelphia
Philadelphia del buco del cul — the hole of the ass
Vaffancul, vaffancul, va. fancul. — shove it up your
ass.

This song is about the life cycle of the bean. It is from Italy and it was introduced to Blackthorn by the same Italian who gave us that last ditty.

La Pianta

Pianta la fava la brava massaia
Quando la pianta la pianta cosi'
La pianta cosi', la pianta cosi'
Lei la pianta a poco a poco
E unaltro poco rimane li'
La pianta cosi', la pianta cosi'

Bagna la fava la brava massaia
Quando la bagna la bagna cosi'
La bagna cosi', la bagna cosi'
Lei la bagna a poco a poco
E unaltro poco rimane li'
La pianta cosi', la bagna cosi'

Cresce la fava la brava massaia
Quando la cresce la cresce cosi'
La cresce cosi', la cresce cosi'
Lei la cresce a poco a poco
E unaltro poco rimane li'
La pianta cosi', la bagna cosi', la cresce cosi'

Taglia la fava la brava massaia
Quando la taglia, la taglia cosi'
La taglia cosi', la taglia cosi'
Lei la taglia a poco a poco
E unaltro poco rimane li'
La pianta cosi', la bagna cosi', la cresce cosi', la taglia
cosi'

Mangia la fava la brava massaia
Quando la mangia la mangia cosi'
La mangia cosi', la mangia cosi'
Lei la mangia a poco a poco
E unaltro poco rimane li'
La pianta cosi', la bagna cosi', la cresce cosi', la taglia
cosi', la mangia cosi'

Caga la fava la brava massaia
Quando la caga la caga cosi'
La caga cosi', la caga cosi'
Lei la caga a poco a poco
E unaltro poco rimane li'
La pianta cosi', la bagna cosi', la cresce cosi', la taglia
cosi', la mangia cosi', la caga cosi'

Note: This song requires correography.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed cock robin?
 I said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow.
 I killed cock robin.

Chorus:

Oh, the birds of the air said fuck it let's chuck it.
 When they heard cock robin had kicked the fuckin' bucket.
 When they heard cock robin had kicked the fuckin' bucket.

Who saw him die?
 I said the fly, with my little eye.
 I saw him die.

Who'll dig his grave?
 I said the owl with my little trowel.
 I'll dig his grave.

Who'll toll the bell?
 I said the bull with my mighty tool.
 I'll toll the bell.

ON THE PISS AGAIN

Oh, the Blackthorn boys are on the piss again
 On the piss again, on the piss again
 The Blackthorn boys are on the piss again
 We've gotta wee wee now.
 We've gotta wee wee now,
 We've gotta wee wee now.
 The Blackthorn boys are on the piss again
 We've gotta wee wee now

Oh the Chesapeake boys have got the crabs again...
 They've gotta scratch some now...

Oh the Blackthorn girls are on the piss again....
 They've gotta whiz some now...

Oh the Chesapeake girls are on the rag again....
 They've gotta bleed some now....

To the tune of the chorus of the Mexican Hat Dance. This song is the only thing of some value that we collected from a southern tour of the US.

Eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids.
 Eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids.
 Eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids.
 Eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids, eat hemeroids.

Also used: suck scrub cum, ablation, drink dusche bags,
 and any other three syllable grossity you can think of.

THE CHANDLER'S WIFE

I walked into the chandler's shop some candles for to buy
 Looked around the chandler's shop but no one did I spy
 Well, I was disappointed so some angry words I said
 When I heard the sound of a rat tat tat right above my head.
 Yes, I heard the sound of a rat tat tat right above my head.

Well, I was slick and I was quick so up the stairs I sped
 And very surprised was I to find the chandler's wife in bed
 And with her was another man of quite considerable size
 And they were having a rat tat tat right before my eyes.
 Yes they were having a rat tat tat right before my eyes.

When the fun was over and done the lady raised her head
 And very surprised was she to find me standing by the bed
 "If you will be discreet, my boy, if you will be so kind,
 You too can come up for some rat tat tat
 whenever you feel inclined.
 Yes, you can come up for some rat tat tat
 whenever you feel inclined."

So many a night and many a day when the chandler wasn't home
 To get myself some candles, to the chandler's shop I'd roam
 But never a one she gave to me, she gave to me instead
 A little bit more of the rat tat tat
 to light my way to bed
 Just a little bit more of the rat tat tat
 to light my way to bed

So all you married men take heed if ever you come to town
 If you must leave your woman at home be sure to tie her down
 Or if you would be kind to her just sit her down on the floor
 And give her so much of that rat tat tat
 she doesn't need any more.
 Yes give her so much of that rat tat tat
 she doesn't need any more.

This is a chant to the tune of McNamara's Band that is
 usually led by it's author that fine Irishman Stanley F.
 Stankiewicz.

Heidee heidee Christ almighty
 Who the fuck are we
 We're Blackthorn Rugby Football Club
 As happy as can be
 Oh, fiddledy diddledy son of a bitch
 We'd rather fuck than fight
 We're Blackthorn Rugby Football Club
 The terrors of the night.

KNOCK KNOCK

Knock Knock
 Who's there?
 Irish.
 Irish who?
 I wish I had a gang bang, I always will
 Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.
 When I was younger and in my prime.
 I used to gang bang all the time.
 But now I'm older and getting grey.
 I only gang bang once a day.

Knock Knock
 Who's there?
 Justin.
 Justin who?
 I'm just in time for the.....

Jewish...
 D'you wish you had a...

Gladiator...
 Aren't you glad he ate her before the....

Dianne...
 I'm just dyin' for a.....

Euripides...
 You rippa does pants off and we'll have a.....

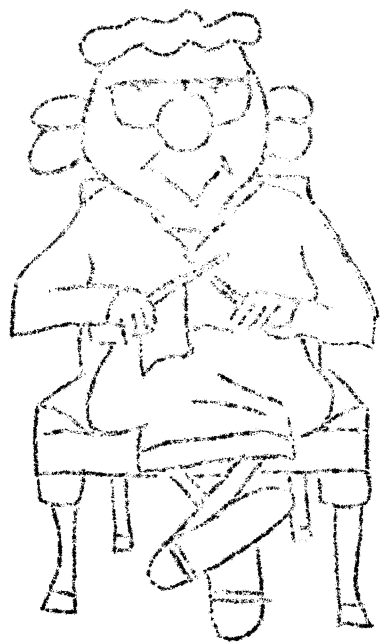
Tarzan..
 Tars and stripes forever (and then you break into Stars
 and Stripes Forever to finish the song)

Ammonia....
 I'm only an hour late for the....

Police...
 Pplease let me in to the....

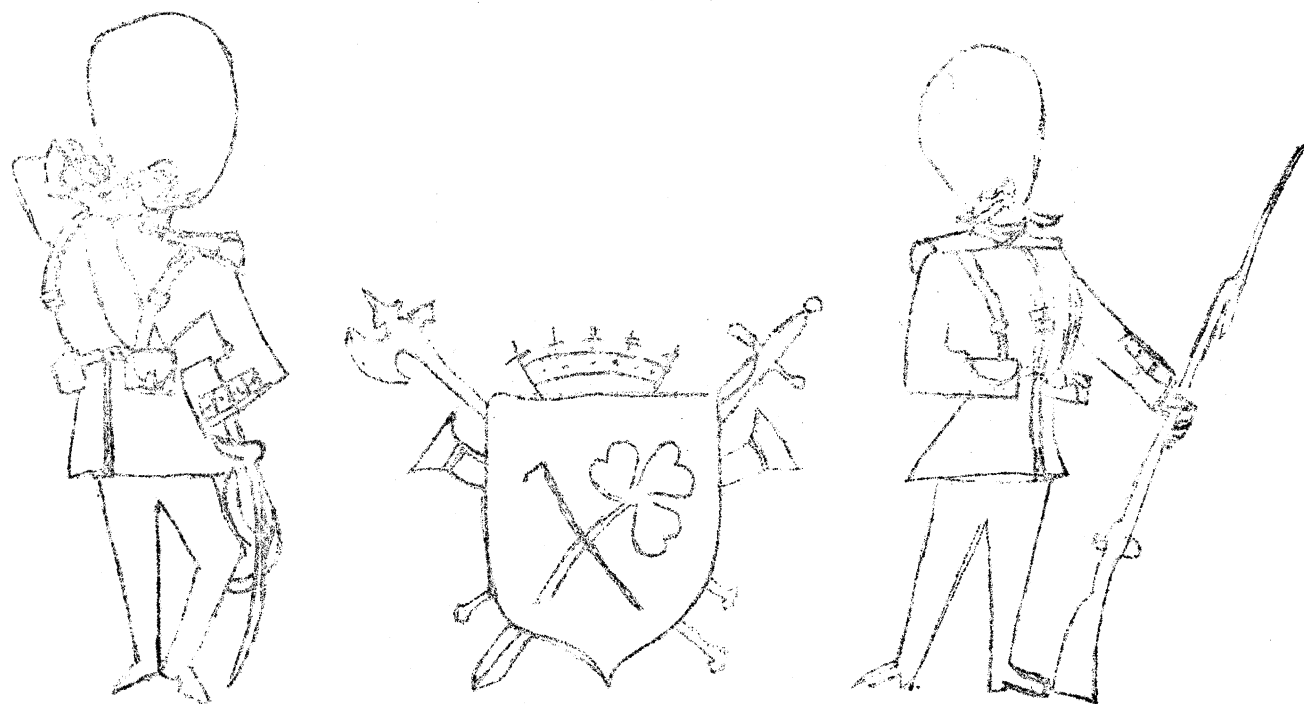
SONGS

YOU CAN SING



TO YOUR
MOTHER

SONGS
OF THE



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THE RISING OF THE MOON

1

Since attacks by Irish rebels were often made at night, the term "the rising of the moon" later became synonymous with rebellion.

Oh, then tell me Sean O'Farrell,
Tell me why you hurry so?
Hush me Buchall bush and listen
And his cheeks were all a glow,
I bear orders from the captain,
Get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together
By the Rising of the Moon.

Chorus:

By The Rising of the Moon,
By The Rising of the Moon,
For the pikes must be together
By The Rising of the Moon.

Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell
Where the gathering is to be
In the old spot by the river
Right well known to you and me
One more word for signal token
Whistle up the marching tune.
With your pike upon your shoulder
By The Rising of the Moon.

By The Rising of the Moon,
By The Rising of the Moon,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
By The Rising of the Moon.

Out of many a mud wall cabin
Eyes were watching thru the night,
Many a manly heart was throbbing
For the coming morning light
Murmurs ran along the valley
Like the banshees lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing
By The Rising of the Moon.

By The Rising of the Moon,
By The Rising of the Moon,
And a thousand pikes were flashing
By The Rising of the Moon.

There beside the singing river
 That dark mass of men were seen
 Far above their shining weapons hung
 Their own beloved green
 Death to every foe and traitor
 Forward strike the marching tune
 And hurrah me boys for freedom
 Tis The Rising of the Moon.

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE

Because our ancestors have often immortalized war heroes and sanctioned acts of war, we tend to think that the 'peace' songs that originated from the Vietnam War were in actuality a start of a new breed. This song, however, dates back to the early nineteenth century, when the British recruited Irishmen for the East India Service. This bitter and savage commentary is made by a woman, whose husband is no longer whole - a result of the war.

When goin' the road to sweet Athy, hoo-roo hoo-roo,
 When goin' the road to sweet Athy, hoo-roo hoo-roo,
 When goin' the road to sweet Athy,
 A stick in my hand and a drop in me eye,
 A doleful damsel I heard cry:
 "Johnny, I hardly knew ye."

Chorus:

"With your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, hoo-roo
 hoo-roo,
 With your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, hoo-roo
 hoo-roo,
 With your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, the enemy
 never slew ye.
 Oh, my darlin' dear, you look so queer;
 Johnny, I hardly knew ye."

"Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hoo-roo hoo-roo,
 Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hoo-roo hoo-roo,
 Where are the eyes that looked so mild,
 When my poor heart you first beguiled?
 Why did ye skidaddle from me an' the child?
 Johnny, I hardly knew ye."

"Where are the legs with which you run, hoo-roo hoo-roo
 Where are the legs with which you run, hoo-roo hoo-roo
 Where are the legs with which you run
 When first you went to carry a gun?
 Indeed, your dancing days are done.
 Johnny, I hardly knew ye."

"You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg, hoo-roo hoo-roo
 You haven't an arm, you haven't a leg, hoo-roo hoo-roo
 You haven't an arm, and you haven't a leg;
 You're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg.
 Johnny, I hardly knew ye."

"I'm happy for to see you home, hoo-roo hoo-roo
 I'm happy for to see you home, hoo-roo hoo-roo
 I'm happy for to see you home,
 All from the island of Ceylon,
 So long of flesh, so pale of bone,
 Johnny, I hardly knew ye."

MAID OF FIFE-E-O

There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
 Came marching down through Fife-e-O;
 And the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass,
 And her name it was called pretty Peggy-O.

"Oh, come down the stairs, pretty Peggy, my dear;
 Oh, come down the stairs, pretty Peggy-O.
 Oh, come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair,
 Bid a long fairwell to your Mammy-O."

"I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be;
 I never will marry a soldier-O.
 I never did intend to go to a foreign land,
 And I never will marry a soldier-O."

The colonel he cried, "Mount, mount boys mount."
 The captain he cried, "Tarry-O.
 Oh, tarry for a while, for another day or two,
 Till I see if this bonny lass will marry-O."

Long 'ere we caome to the town of Ackerglass
 We had our captain to carry-O,
 And long 'ere we reached the streets of Aberdeen
 We had our captain to bury-O.

Green grow the birks on bonny Ethen-side,
 And low lie the lowlands of Fife-e-O.
 Well, the captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid;
 He died for the chambermaid of Fife-e-O.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

This song has long been a favorite of Blackthorn and has been referred to as 'the Blackthorn National Anthem.' Its popularity is understandable, since the roguish qualities of Jack Duggan are found to some extent in all of us.

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name.
 He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called
~~Scottishmanine.~~
 He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy.
 And dearly did his parents love The Wild Colonial Boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home,
 And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam.
 He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy
 A terror to Australia was The Wild Colonial Boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along.
 A-listening to the mocking bird a-singing a cheerful song
 Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy
 They all set out to capture him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one
 Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering
 son."

Jack drew two pistols from his belt and proudly waved them
 high

"I'll fight, but not surrender," said The Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground
 And turning 'round to Davis he received a fatal wound
 A bullet pierced his proud heart from the pistol of Fitzroy
 And that was how they captured him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

This song reputedly is just as popular in the Republic of Ireland as in Northern Ireland. The 12th of July is the commemoration of the battle of the river Boyne where William of Orange defeated James II, the last of the Stuart kings.

THE OLD ORANGE FLUTE

In the County Tyrone, near the town of Dungannon,
Where many the ructions meself had a han' in,
Bob Williamson lived, a weaver by trade,
And all of us thought him a stout Orange blade.
On the twelfth of July as it yearly did come
Bob played with his flute to the sound of a drum.
You may talk of your harp, your piano or lute,
But there's none can compare
 with the old orange flute.

Now, Bob, the deceiver, he took us all in;
He married a Papist named Bridget McGinn,
Turned Papish himself and forsook the old cause
That gave us our freedom, religion and laws.
Now, the boys of the place made some comment upon it,
And Bob had to fly to the province of Connaught.
He fled with his wife and his fixings to boot,
And along with the latter his old orange flute.

At the chapel on Sunday to atone for past deeds
Said Paters and Aves and counted his beads,
Till after some time at the priest's own desire
He went with the old flute to play in the choir.
He went with the old flute for to play for the Mass,
But the instrument shivered and sighed, oh, alas,
And try though he would, though it made a great noise,
The flute would play only "The Protestant Boys."

Bob jumped and he started and got in a flutter
And throw the old flute in the blessed holy water,
He thought that this charm would bring some other sound
When he tried it again, it played "Croppies Lie Down"
Now, for all he could whistle and finger and blow,
To play Papish music he found it no go.
"Kick the Pope" and "Boil Water" it freely would sound
But one Papish squeak in it couldn't be found.

At the council of priests that was held the next day
 They decided to banish the old flute away.
 They couldn't knock heresy out of its' head,
 So they bought Bob a new one to play in its' stead.
 Now, the old flute was doomed,
 and its fate was pathetic;
 'Twas fastened and burned at the stake as heretic.
 As the flames soared around it
 they heard a strange noise;
 'Twas the old flute still whistling "The Protestant Boys"
 Toora lu, toora lay,
 Oh, it's six miles from Bangor to Donnahadee.

RED HAIRED MARY

As I went to the fair at Dingle,
 One fine morning last July.
 Going down the road before me,
 A red haired girl I chanced to spie.

I stopped up to her and said, "Young lady,
 My donkey it will carry two."
 "Well, seeing as how you've got the donkey,
 To the Dingle Fair I'll ride with you."

As we approached the town of Dingle,
 I took her hand to say goodbye.
 When a tinker man stepped up before me
 And belted me in my left eye.

Now I was feeling kind of peevish,
 He poor old eye was sad and sore.
 I gently tapped him with me hobnails
 And he flew back through Murphy's door.

He went out to find his brother,
 The biggest man you ever did see.
 He gently tapped me with his knuckles
 And I was minus two front teeth.

A constable came around the corner,
 He said, "Young man you've broke the law."
 When me donkey kicked him in the kneecap,
 And he fell down and broke his jaw.

Well the red haired girl she kept on smiling,
 "I'll go with you young man", she said
 "We'll forget about the priest this morning
 And tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed."

As we roamed through the fair together,
 My black eye and her red hair.
 Smiling gaily at the tinkers,
 My God we were a handsome pair.

Chorus: (3rd through 6th verses)
 Keep your hands off red haired Mary,
 Her and I will soon be wed.
 We'll see the priest this very morning,
 And tonight we'll lie in a marriage bed.

Chorus: (7th and 8th verses)
 Keep your hands off red haired Mary,
 Her and I will soon be wed.
 We'll forget about the priest this morning
 And tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed.

This is an example of songs pushed by Pat Hollis and
 Will Pike, who loved to learn songs no one else
 could possibly do.

WHACK FOL THE FIDDLE

I'll tell you a tale of peace and love,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 Of a land that reigns all lands above,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 May peace and plenty be her share,
 who kept our homes from want and care.
 Oh, God bless England is our prayer,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 Whack fol the fiddle of the didoday,
 so we say, hippooray!
 Come and listen while we pray,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.

Now our fathers oft were naughty boys,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 For pikes and guns are dangerous toys,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 At Balahanwee and Bunkers Hill,
 we made poor England cry her fill.
 But old Britannia loves us still,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 Whack fol the fiddle of the didoday,
 so we say, hippooray!
 God bless England so we pray,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.

Now when we were savage, fierce and wild,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 She came as a mother to her child,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 Gently raised us from the slime,
 and kept our hands from Hellish crime.
 And she sent us to heaven in her own good time,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 Whack fol the fiddle of the didoday,
 so we say, hippooray!
 God bless England so we pray,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.

Oh, now Irishmen forget the past,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 And think of the day that's coming fast,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.
 When we shall all be civilized,
 neat and clean and well advised.
 Oh won't mother England be surprised,
 whack fol the fiddle of the didoday.

This old Irish ballad was bastardized and then
 popularized by the Clancy brothers. Its' border-
 line respectability makes it ever popular.

GALWAY BAY

Maybe someday I'll go back again to Ireland,
 if my dear old wife would only pass away.
 She's nearly got me heart broke with her naggin'
 she's got a mouth as big as Galway Bay.

See her drinking 16 pints of Pabst Blue Ribbon,
 and then she can walk home without a sway.
 If the sea were made of beer not salty water,
 she would live and die in Galway Bay.

See her drinking 16 pints at Pat Joe Murphy's
 when the barman says, "I think it's time to go"
 Then she doesn't try to speak to him in Gaelic,
 but in a language that the clergy do not know.

On her back she has tatooed a map of Ireland,
 and when she takes her bath on Saturday,
 She rubs the sunlight soap around by Clara
 just to watch the suds roll down by Galway Bay.

This good lesson for all of us about a reformed rover is quite popular today both in the Isles and in Australia as well, according to the Clancy Bros. P.B.

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus:

And it's no, nay, never;
No, nay, never no more
Will I play the wild rover,
No, never no more.

I went into an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked for a bottle; she answered me "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day."

Then out of my pocket I took sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said, "I have whiskies and wines of the best,
And the words that I said, sure, were only in jest."

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oftimes before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

An old English music hall song.

ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS?

Look at the coffin
With golden handles.
Isn't it grand boys,
To be bloody well dead?

Chorus:

Let's not have a sniffle;
Let's have a bloody good cry.
And always remember,
The longer you live
The sooner you'll bloody well die.

Look at the flowers
 All bloody well withered.
 Isn't it grand boys
 To be bloody well dead?

Look at the mourners,
 Bloody great hypocrites.
 Isn't it grand boys
 To be bloody well dead?

Look at the preacher,
 Bloody nice fellow.
 Isn't it grand boys
 To be bloody well dead?

Look at the widow,
 Bloody great female.
 Isn't it grand boys
 To be bloody well dead?

NANCY WHISKEY

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver;
 I'm a rash and a roving blade.
 I've got silver in my pockets,
 And I follow the roving trade.

Chorus:

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey,
 Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O.

As I went down through Glasgow City
 Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell.
 I went in, sat down beside her;
 Seven long years I loved her well.

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her;
 The more I kissed her, the more she smiled.
 Soon I forgot my mother's teaching;
 Nancy soon had me bequiled.

Now, I rose early in the morning
 To slake my thirst, it was my need.
 I tried to rise but I was not able;
 Nancy had me by the knees.

So I'm going back to the Calton weaving;
 I'll surely make them shuttles fly.
 For I'll make more at the Calton weaving
 Than ever I did in a roving way.

So come all you weavers, you Calton weavers;
 Weavers, where o'er you be.
 Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,
 She'll ruin you like she blinded me.

Queensland is the 2nd largest of Australia's six states and is located in the Northwest part of the continent. Sheep and cattle early promised to become great industries in Australia but transporting them by sea from one part of the country to another, done in the early part of the 19th century proved too costly due to livestock fatalities. But "overlanding" or driving the herds overland, often for more than a thousand miles saved the countries stock industry. The first overlanders drove cattle and sheep in New South Wales in 1838. This song dates back almost to that time. The overlanders faced bushfires, flash floods, droughts and even attack from aborigines, and this hearty drinking song was a favorite once the drive was done.

THE QUEEN'S OVERLANDERS

There's a trade you all know well,
 its' bringing cattle over,
 And on every tract to the gulf and back
 men know the Queensland rover.

Chorus:

Pass the billy 'round me boys,
 don't let the pint pot stand there!
 For tonight we'll drink the health,
 of every overlander.

There are men from every land,
 from Spain, and France, and Flanders.
 We're a well mixed pack both white and black
 men call the overlanders.

I come from the northern plain,
 where the girls and grass are scanty,
 Where the creeks run dry or ten feet high,
 it's either drought or plenty.

When we've earned a spree in town,
 we'll live like pigs in clover,
 And a whole months check goes down the neck
 of many the Queensland rover.

As I pass along the road,
 the children raise me dander,
 Crying mother dear take in the clothes,
 here comes an overlander.

The "bald navee" was a colorful figure in late 18th century Britain. This period in British history is known as the "canal age", when more than 3,000 miles of inland waterways, or "navigation works" were constructed in the last quarter century. These forerunners of the pick and shovel men of the railroad and highway constructions of the 19th and 20th century were known as navigation workers, or "navees". Though most of the canals were constructed in England, the Irish navee was common place, as the Irish have long made up a portion of Britain's manual labor force. P.A.B.

NAVEE BOOTS

I'm a bold Irish Navee, I work on the line.
 The first place I worked was New Castle on Tyme.
 'Twas of a misfortune that happened in fun,
 I remember the night I'd me navee boots on.

When the days work was over I shaved off me beard,
 To meet me old lady I was well prepared,
 To meet me old lady I then hurried down,
 And I met her that night with me navee boots on.

When I knocked on her window my knock it was low,
 When I knocked on her window my knock she did know.
 She opened the door crying is that you Tom?
 I'll be damned if it is with me navee boots on.

Well she opened the door and invited me in.
 Sayin' come sit by the fire love and warm up your skin.
 Her room door was opened and the covers turned down,
 And we lept into bed with me navee boots on.

Well all through the night we did sport and did play.
 Never thinking 'bout time as it sure passed away,
 When she lept out of bed crying what have I done?
 Sure a child will be born with his navee boots on.

I said hold now your tongue girl from talking so wild.
 Hold now your tongue girl you'll never have no child,
 For all that we've done now was surely in fun,
 And then I ran like hell with me navee boots on.

And then I ran like hell with me navee boots on.

This solid hymn was written by Thomas Oliver
 in the 18th century with words by William Williams,
 it was translated from the Welsh in 1771. P.A.B.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 pilgrim thro' this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 guide me with Thy powerful hand.
 Broad of heaven, broad of heaven
 feed me till I want no more,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 lead me all my journey through.
 Strong deliv'ror, strong deliv'ror,
 be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
 I will ever sing to Thee.
 I will ever sing to Thee.

Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
 Fear and shame are mine no more.
 Faith knows naught of dark tomorrow,
 For my Savior goes before.
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.
 I will ever give to Thee.

A rollicking drinking song which seems not to have lost its' popularity with age. P.A.B.

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided,
To have another flaggen.

Here's to the man who drinks water pure
and goes to bed quite sober
Here's to the man who drinks water pure
and goes to bed quite sober
He'll fall as the leaves do fall
he'll fall as the leaves do fall
He'll fall as the leaves do fall
he'll die before October.

Now here's to the man who drinks dark ale
and goes to bed quite mellow
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale
and goes to bed quite mellow
He lives as he ought to live
he lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
for he's a jolly good fellow.

The landlord fills the flowing bowl
until it doth run over
The landlord fills the flowing bowl
until it doth run over
For tonight will merr' I be
for tonight will merr' I be
For tonight will merr' I be
tomorrow I'll be sober.

Now here's to the girl who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother
Here's to the girl who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother
She's a foolish, foolish girl
she's a foolish, foolish girl
She's a foolish, foolish girl
for she'll not get another.

Now here's to the girl who steals a kiss
 and stays to steal another
 Here's to the girl who steals a kiss
 and stays to steal another
 She's a boon to all mankind
 she's a boon to all mankind
 She's a boon to all mankind
 for she'll soon be a mother.

THE MOLECATCHER

In Wellington Town at the sign of the plough,
 There lived a molecatcher shall I tell you now,
 He had a young wife she was buxom and gay
 And she and another young farmer would play.

Chorus:

Lo til i day,
 Lo til i liddle i,
 Lo til i day.

He knocked at her door and this he did say,
 Where is your husband good woman I pray.
 He's out catching moles love you need have no fear,
 But she didn't know the mole catcher was near.

He crept up the stairs in the midst of their frolic
 And caught the young farmer tight by the jacket,
 "I've been a molecatcher for most of me life,
 But here's the best mole I ever caught in me life."

I'll make you pay dearly for tilling me ground,
 I'll take from your pocket a full twenty pounds,
 Twenty pounds said the farmer I really don't mind,
 For it only works out about tuppence a time.
 (or grind.)

Lo til i day,
 Lo til i liddle i,
 Lo til i day.

This isn't really a recruiting jingle but some Irishmen think it is.

THE BRITISH ARMY

When I was young I had a twist
For punchin' babies with me fist
And so I thought I should enlist
And join the British army.

Chorus:

Too ra loo ra loo ra loo
They're lookin' for monkeys up in the zoo
And if I had a face like you
I'd join the British army

When I was young I used to be
As fine a lad as ever you'd see
And so me wife she said to me
Go join the British army.

Sargeant Bailey went away
His wife got in the family way
And the only thing that she could say
Was lay the British army.

They taught me how to shoot at waps
And treat a black man like a dog
It's just like pullin' legs off frogs
While in the British army.

JOHNSON'S MOTOR CAR

As round by Brannigon's corner
one morning I did stray
I met another rebel
who unto me did say
I bear orders from the captain
to assemble at Brunbar
Oh, how are we to reach Dunloe
without a motor car?
Oh Barney dear be of good cheer,
I'll tell you what we'll do.
We will wire to Stranolar
before we march so far
And we'll give the boys a bloody good ride
On Johnson's motor car.

When Johnson got the wire
 he soon pulled on his shoes
 He said this case is urgent
 there is no time to lose.
 He donned a fancy castor hat,
 and on his breast a star.
 You could hear the din going through Glennfinn
 of Johnson's motor car.
 When Johnson reached the railroad bridge
 he met some rebels there
 He saw the game was up with him
 as at them he did stare.
 He says "I've got a permit
 for travelling near and far".
 To hell with your English permit
 we want your motor car.

What will my local comrades say
 when I go to Brumbo
 And tell them that my car was commandeered
 by the rebels for Dunloe.
 We will give you a receipt for it
 signed by Captain Maher
 And when Ireland's free sure we will see
 you got a motor car.
 They put the car in motion
 and filled it to the brim
 With guns and bayonets shining
 While Johnson he did grin
 Then Barney raised a Sinn Fein Flag
 as they shot off like a star
 And they gave three cheers for Ireland
 on Johnsons motor car.

When the loyal crew had heard the news
 it made their hearts feel sore.
 They swore they'd have reprisals
 before they would give o'er.
 In vain they searched through Glenties
 the Rosses and Kilcar
 While the I.R.A. their flag display
 on Johnson's motor car.

FOUR GREEN FIELDS

"What did I have", said the fine old woman,
 What did I have, this proud old woman did say
 I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
 But strangers came and tried to take them from me.
 I had fine strong sons. They fought to save my jewels.
 They fought and died and that was my grief, said she.

Long time ago, said the fine old woman,
 Long time ago, this proud old woman did say.
 There was war and death, Plundering and pillage.
 My children starved by mountain valley and sea.
 And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens.
 My four green fields ran red with their blood said she.

What have I now, said the fine old woman,
 What have I now, this proud old woman did say.
 I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage,
 In stranger's hands, that tried to take it from me,
 But my sons have sons, as brave as were their fathers.
 My four green fields will bloom once again, said she.

MOONSHINER

Chorus:

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler
 I'm a long way from home.
 And if you don't like me, then leave me alone.
 I'll eat when I'm hungry,
 I'll drink when I'm dry.
 If the moonshine don't kill me,
 I'll live till I die.

I've been a moonshiner for many a year,
 I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.
 I'll go to some hollow and set up me still
 And I'll sell you a gallon for a ten shilling bill.

I'll go to some hollow in this country.
 Ten gallons of wash I can go on a spree.
 No women to follow, the world is all mine,
 And I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

Oh, moonshine, oh moonshine, oh how I love thee
 You killed me own father, and now you'll try me.
 God bless all moonshiners, and bless all moonshine.
 Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.

TIM FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street,
 A gentle Irishman mighty odd,
 He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
 And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
 You see he'd a sort o' the tipplin' way,
 With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
 To help him on with his work each day,
 He'd a "drop o' the cray-thur" ev'ry morn.

Chorus:

Whack fol the da now, Dance to your partner
 Wolt the floor your trotter's shake
 Wasn't it the truth I told you,
 Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

One mornin' Tim was rather full,
 His head felt heavy which made him shake,
 He fell from a ladder, and he broke his skull,
 And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
 They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
 And laid him out upon the bed,
 With a gallon of whisky at his feet,
 And a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake,
 And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
 First they brought in tay, and cake,
 Then pipes, tobacco and whisky punch.
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
 Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?
 Tim Mavourneen why did you die?
 Arrah hold your gob said Paddy McGhee.

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
 Oh Biddy says she, you're wrong I'm sure
 Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
 And left her sprawling on the floor.
 Then the war did soon engage,
 'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,
 Shelolaigh law was all the rage,
 And a row, and a ruction soon began.

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,
 When a noggin of whisky flew at him,
 It missed and falling on the bed,
 The liquor scattered over Tim.
 Tim revives see how he rises,
 Timothy rising from the bed,
 Said, "Whirl your whisky around like blazes,
 Thanum an dial do you think I'm dead?"

THE JUG OF PUNCH

As I was sittin' with jug and spoon
On one fine morn' in the month of June,
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.

Chorus:

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire
With a kerriy pippin to crack an' crunch
Aye, an' on the table a jug of punch.

And what more burden can a man endure
Than to lay him down by the ale house door
And in his arms no pretty wench,
And on the table no jug of punch.

The learned doctors with all their art
Cannot cure the impression that's on the heart
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's safe outside of a jug of punch.

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and foot.

REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting by the fire,
Talking to old Reilly's daughter,
Suddenly a thought came into my head
I'd like to marry old Reilly's daughter.

Chorus:

Gid dy I ae, gid dy I ae,
Gid dy I ae for the one-eyed Reilly,
Gid dy I ae (bang, bang, bang)
Try it on your own big drum.

Reilly played on the big bass drum,
 Reilly had a mind for murder and slaughter,
 Reilly had a bright red, glittering eye,
 And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter.

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue,
 The colonel, and the major and the captain sought her,
 The sergeant, and the private and the drummer boy, too,
 But they never had a chance with Reilly's daughter.

I got me a ring and a parson, too,
 Got me a scratch in a married quarter,
 Settled me down to a peaceful like,
 Happy as a king with Reilly's daughter.

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,
 Who should it be but Reilly out for slaughter,
 With two pistols in his hands,
 Looking for the man who had married his daughter.

I caught old Reilly by the hair,
 Rammed his head in a pail of water,
 Fired his pistols into the air,
 A damned sight quicker than I married his daughter.

MOUNTAIN DEW

Let grasses grow and waters flow
 in a free and easy way,
 But give me enough of the fine old stuff
 that's made near Gallway Bay,
 And policemen all from Donegal,
 Sligo and Leitrim, too,
 We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip
 of the real old mountain dew.

Chorus

Hi the did dle y I dill um, did dle y doo dle I dill um
 did dle y doo ri did dle y di day,
 Hi the did dle y I dill um, did dle y doo dill I dill-
 um, did dle y doo ri, did dle y di day.

At the foot of the hill there's a neat little still,
 where the smoke curls up to the sky
 By the smoke and the smell, you can plainly tell
 that there's poteen brewing near by,
 For it fills the air, with odor rare,
 and betwixt both me and you,
 When home you stroll, you can take a bowl,
 or a bucket of the mountain dew.

Now learned men who use the pen,
 have wrote your praises high,
 That sweet poteen from Ireland green,
 distilled from wheat and rye
 Throw away your pills, it will cure all ills,
 of pagan Christian or Jew,
 Take off your coat and grease your throat,
 with the real old mountain dew.

ROSIN THE BOW

I've travelled this wide world all over,
 And now to another I go
 And I know that good quarters are waiting
 To welcome Old Rosin the Bow,
 To welcome Old Rosin the Bow,
 To welcome Old Rosin the Bow,
 And I know that good quarters are waiting
 To welcome Old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter
 A voice you will hear from below
 Saying send down a hogshead of whisky
 To drink with old rosin the bow.
 To drink with old rosin the bow,
 To drink with old rosin the bow
 Saying send down a hogshead of whisky
 To drink with old rosin the bow.

And got a half dozen stout fellows
 And stack em all up in a row
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of rosin the bow.
 To the memory of rosin the bow,
 To the memory of rosin the bow,
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of rosin the bow.

Get this half dozen stout fellows
 And let them all stagger and go
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put rosin the bow.
 And in it put rosin the bow,
 And in it put rosin the bow,
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put rosin the bow.

Get ye a couple of bottles
 Put one at me head and me toe
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old rosin the bow.
 The name of old rosin the bow,
 The name of old rosin the bow,
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old rosin the bow.

I feel that old tyrant approaching
 That cruel remorseless old foe
 And I lift up me glass in his honor
 Take a drink with old rosin the bow.
 Take a drink with old rosin the bow,
 Take a drink with old rosin the bow,
 And I lift up me glass in his honor
 Take a drink with old rosin the bow.

JOHNNY McELDOO

There was Johnny McEldoo and McGee and me
 And a couple or two or three went on a spree one day.
 We had a bob or two which we knew how to blow,
 And the beer and whiskey flow and we all felt gay.
 We visited McCann's, McIlmann's Humpty Dan's.
 We then went into Swann's our stomachs for to pack.
 We ordered out a feed which indeed we did need
 And we finished it with speed but we still felt slack.

Johnny McEldoo turned red, white and blue
 When a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight
 He shouted out "Encore" with a roar for some more
 That he never felt before such a keen appetite.
 He ordered eggs and ham, bread and jam, what a cram!
 But him we couldn't ram though we tried our level best
 For everything we brought, cold or hot, mattered not,
 It went down him like a shot,
 but he still stood the test.

He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard, we got scared
 We thought it would go hard when the waiter
 brought the bill
 We told him to give o'er, but he swore he could lower
 Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.
 He nearly supped a trough full of broth says McGrath,
 "He'll devour the tablecloth if you don't hold him in."
 When the waiter brought the charge,
 McEldoo felt so large
 He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire.

He began to curse and swear tear his hair in despair
 And to finish the affair called the shopman a liar.
 The shopman he drew out, and no doubt, he did clout
 McEldeco he kicked about like an old football
 He tattered all his clother, broke his nose, I suppose
 He'd have killed him with a few blows in no time at all

McEldeco began to howl and to growl, by my sowl
 He throw an empty bowl at the shopkeepers head.
 It struck poor Mickey Flynn,
 pooled the skin off his chin
 And the ructions did begin and we all fought and bled.
 The peelers did arrive, man alive, four or five,
 At us they made a drive for us all to march away.
 We paid for all the mate, that we ate, stood a trate,
 And went home to reminate on the spree that day.

THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

We're all met together here to sit and to crack
 With our glasses in our hands
 and our work upon our back.
 There's nay a trade among them
 that can mend or can mack
 If it wasn't na for the work of the weavers.

Chorus:

If it wasn't na for the weavers what would ye do?
 You wouldn't na have a cloth that's made of wool.
 You wouldn't na have a coat of black or blue,
 If it wasn't na for the work of the weavers.

There's soldiers, and there's sailors,
 and glaziers and all,
 There's doctors, and there's ministers,
 and them that live by law,
 And our friends in South America,
 though them we never saw,
 But we ken they wear the work of the weavers.

The weaving's a trade that never can fail,
 As long as we need clothes for to keep another hale,
 So let us all be merry oh a pic'ure of good ale,
 And we'll drink to the health of the weavers,

Brennan on the Moor

It's of a brave young highwayman,
 This story I will tell.
 His name was Willie Brennan
 And in Ireland he did dwell.
 'Twas on the Kilworth mountains
 He commenced his wild career.
 And many a wealthy nobleman
 Before him shook with fear.

Chorus

And it's Brennan on the Moor,
 Brennan on the Moor,
 Bold, brave, and undaunted
 Was young Brennan on the Moor.

One day upon the highway
 As Willie he went down,
 He met the Mayor of Cashel
 A mile outside the town.
 The Mayor he knew his features
 And he said young man, said he,
 Your name is Willie Brennan
 You must come along with me.

Now Brennan's wife has gone to town
 Provisions for to buy,
 And when she saw her Willie
 She commenced to weep and cry,
 She said hand to me that tenpenny
 As soon as Willie spoke
 She handed him a blunderbuss
 From underneath her cloak.

Then with this loaded blunderbuss
 The truth I will unfold,
 He made the Mayor to tremble
 And robbed him of his gold,
 One hundred pounds was offered
 For his apprehension there
 So he with horse and saddle
 To the mountains did repair.

Now Brennan is an outlaw
 All on some mountain high.
 With infantry and cavalry
 To take him they did try,
 But he laughed at them and he scored at them
 Until it was said
 By a false-hearted woman
 He was cruelly betrayed.

They hung Brennan at the crossroads.
 In chains he swung and died,
 But some say that in the night
 They still do see him ride.
 They see him with his blunderbuss
 In the midnight chill.
 Alone along the Highway
 Rides Willy Brennan still.

The disastrous wars of the seventeenth century brought about the downfall of the Irish nobility. They were dispossessed of their estates, which were given to settlers from England and Scotland. Not all of the deprived "went to Connaught" or emigrated or remained to serve. Some like Willie Brennan became outlaws, "tories" or "rapparees" and as in many a country's tradition, there were those who robbed the rich to pay the poor.

Roddy M'Corley

Oh see the fleet foot hosts of men,
 Who speed, with faces wan
 From Farnstead and from thresher's cot
 Along the banks of Ban,
 They come with vengeance in their eyes,
 Too late, too late are they,
 For young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
 On the Bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stopped,
 Smiling and proud and young;
 About the hemp-rope on his neck
 The golden ringlets clung.
 There's never a tear in his blue eyes,
 Both glad and bright are they
 As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
 On the bridge of Toome today.

When he last stopped up that street
 His shining pike in hand,
 Behind him marched in grim array
 A stalwart earnest band!
 For Antrim town! for Antrim town!
 He led them to the fray
 As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
 On the bridge of Toome today.

There's never a one of all your dead
 More bravely fell in fray,
 Than he who marches to his fate
 On the bridge of Toome today.
 True to the last, true to the last,
 He treads the upward way
 And young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
 On the bridge of Toome today.

When a sailor who tries to buy a drink ends up with
 a baby in a basket and his money all gone, he must
 be a Jonah.

Bungle Rye

Now Jack was a sailor who roved on the town,
 And she was a damsel who skipped up and down.
 Said the damsel to Jack as she passed him by,
 "Would you care for to purchase some quare
 Bungle Rye Randy Rye?"

Chorus

Fol the did lo i rand dy rye rand dy rye.

Thought Jack to himself, "Now what can it be
 But the finest old whiskey from far Gormany
 Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
 And the name that it goes by is quare Bungle
 Rye Randy Rye."

Jack gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange:
 She said, "Hold then the basket till I run for your
 change."

Jack looked in the basket and a child he did spy.
 "Oh, bedamned then," said Jack, "this is quare
 Bungle Rye Randy Rye."

Now, to get the child christened was Jack's next intent
 For to get the child christened to the parson he went.
 Said the parson to Jack, "What will he go by?"
 "Oh, bedamned then," said Jack, "call him quare
 Bungle Rye Randy Rye."

Said the parson to Jack, "That's a very quare name."
 "Oh, bedamned then," said Jack, "and the quare
 way he came,
 Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
 And the name that he'll go by is quare Bungle
 Rye Randy Rye."

Now, all you bold sailors who rove on the town,
 Beware of the damsels who skip up and down.
 Take a peep in their baskets as they pass you by,
 Or else they may pawn on you quare Bungle Rye
 Randy Rye.

This version comes from the singing of an 83 year old
 English fisherman by the name of Sam Lerner via Ewan
 MacColl via The Clancey Bros. Songbook.

Maids When You're Young
 Never Wed an Old Man

An old man came a courting me,
 Hay ding doo run down,
 An old man came a courting me
 Hay doo run down;
 An old man came a courting me
 Fain would he marry me.
 Maids, when you're young,
 Never wed an old man.

Chorus

For they've got no fal loo rum,
 Fal lid dle fal loo rum
 They've got no fal loo rum,
 Fal lid dle all day;
 They've got no fal loo rum,
 They've lost their ding doo rum,
 So, maids when you're young
 Never wed an old man.

Now when we went to church,
 Hay ding doo run down,
 When we went to church,
 Hay doo run down;
 When we went to church,
 He left me in the lurch,
 Maids, when you're young,
 Never wed an old man.

Now when we went to bed,
 Hay ding doo run down,
 When we went to bed,
 Hay doo run down;
 When we went to bed,
 He neither done nor said.
 Maids, when you're young,
 Never wed an old man.

Now when he went to sleep,
 Hay ding doo run down,
 When he went to sleep,
 Hay doo run down;
 When he went to sleep
 Out of bed did I creep,
 Into the arms of a jolly young man.

And I found his fal loo run,
 Fal lid dle fal loo run
 I found his fal loo run
 Fal lid dle all day;
 I found his fal loo run
 And he got my ding doo run,
 So, maids when you're young,
 Never wed an old man.

Gypsy Rover

The gypsy rover come over the hill
 Bound through the valley so shady;
 He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
 And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus

Ah di do ah di do da day,
 Ah di do ah di day dee;
 He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
 And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle gate,
 She left her own true lover;
 She left her servants and her estate,
 To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
 Roamed the valley all over;
 Sought his daughter at great speed,
 And the whistling gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,
 Down by the river Clayde;
 And there was music, and there was wine,
 For the gypsy and his lady.

He's no gypsy my father she said,
 But lord of freelands all over;
 And I will stay till my dying day,
 With my whistling gypsy rover.

This dittie is from the Mikado a Gilbert and Sullivan musical.

Tit Willow

On a tree by a river a little tom tit
Sang willow, tit willow, tit willow
And I said to him dickey bird why do you sit
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
Is it weakness of intelect birdie I cried
Or a rather tough worm in you little inside
With a nod of his poor little head he replied
Willow, tit willow, tit willow

He slapped at his chest as he sat on the bough
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow
He sobbed and he sighed and a gurgle he gave
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave
And an echo arose from the suicide grave
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow

Now I know just as sure, just as sure as my name
Isn't willow, tit willow, tit willow
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim
Oh willow, tit willow, tit willow
But if you remain callous and obdurate I
Shall meet the same fate and you will know why
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die
Willow, tit willow, tit willow

John Barleycorn

There were three men from out of the west
There fortunes for to try
These three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn must die
They plowed and they sowed and they burried him in
Placing dirt upon his head
Then these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn was dead

They did him right for a very long time
'Till the rains from heaven did fall
Then little sir John sprung up his head
And thus surprised them all
They let him grow 'till a midsummers day
When he was pale and worn
And little sir John grew a long long beard
And so became a man.

They hired men with scithes so sharp
 And they cut him off at the knee
 They rolled him and tied him by the waist
 And treated him quite barborously
 They hired men with sharp pitch forks
 Who pierced him to the heart
 And the loader served him worse than that
 He bound him to the cart

They wheeled him round and around the field
 'Till they came into a barn
 And there they made a solemn oath
 On poor John Barleycorn
 They hired men with sticks so sharp
 Who cut his skin from bone
 And the miller he treated him worse than that
 He ground him between two stone

Little sir John in the nut brown bowl
 And he's brandy in the glass
 Little sir John in the nut brown bowl
 Is the stronger man at last
 For the hunter he can't hunt the fox
 Nor loudly blow his horn
 And the tinker he can't mend kettles no more
 Without a little barleycorn

Four Pounds A Day

The rain is falling on the site
 the tea's upon the brew
 We're sitting on our assholes
 with bugger all to do
 Outside our picks and shovels lads
 they slowly rust away
 We're rained on and contented
 on four pounds a day.

Four pounds a day no lads
 and nothing much to do,
 No trouble from the foreman
 he's in the union too
 Some want the rain to go to Spain
 we want the rain to stay
 We're rained on and contented
 on four pounds a day.

It's early in the morning
 we start at ten o'clock
 We search the skys impatiently
 By God! I felt a drop
 The comrades are on bonus and
 each brow means better pay
 We're rained on and contented
 on four pounds a day.

So Freddy get the cards out
 the racing page as well
 And as for the contractors
 we hope they go to hell
 It looks as if the rain's set in
 we shant do much today
 What matter if on friday
 we all draw our pay.

The Butcher Boy

In London city where I did dwell
 A butcher boy I loved right well
 He courted me my life away
 But now with me he will not stay

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
 I wish I was a maid again
 A maid again I ne'er will be
 'Till cherries grow on an ivy tree

I wish my baby it was born
 And smilin' on its' daddies knee
 And no for there, to be dead and gone
 With the long green grass grown over me.

She went up stairs to go to bed
 And calling up her mother said
 Give me a chair 'till I sit down
 And apparently 'till I lie down

At every word she dropped a tear
 And every light cried Willie dear
 For what a foolish girl was I
 To be led astray by a butcher boy

He went up stairs and the door he broke
 He found her hangin' from a rope
 He took his knife and he cut her down
 And in her pocket these words he found

Oh make my grave large wide and deep
 With a marble stone at my head and feet
 And in the middle a turtle dove
 That the world may know that I died for love

The words to this song are by Andrew Paterson a minor Australian poet. The word billabong is a combination of two aborigine words billa meaning water and bong meaning dead. The word means stagnant water or water hole. A jumbuck is a sheep. And you thought we didn't know anything. This song is dedicated to Ed Hewitt our representative in Australia.

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swag man sat beside a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong
Up jumped the swag man and seized him with glee
And he sang as he tucked that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he tucked that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came the stockman riding on his thoroughbred
Down came the troopers one, two, three
Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swag man and plunged into the billabong
You'll never catch me alive cried he
And his ghost may be heard
as you ride beside the billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.
And his ghost may be heard
as you ride beside the billabong
You'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me.

This song is also know as the Carol of the Twelve Prophets or the Carol of the Twelve Numbers. It is a song that was brought to Blackthorn by Rev. Clayton Ames and Doug Guy two dorelict Scotts who were heard singing it late at night beside a wood fire.

Green Grow the Rushes Ho!

I'll sing you one Ho!
 Green grow the rushes Ho!
 What is your one? Ho!
 One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you two. Ho!
 Green grows the rushes Ho!
 What is your two? Ho!
 Two, two the lily white boys clothed all in green Ho!
 One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you three. Ho!
 Green grows the rushes Ho!
 What is your three? Ho!
 Three for the three rivals
 Two, two ...

Four for the gospel makers
 Five for the symbols at your door
 Six for the six proud walkers
 Seven for the seven stars in the sky
 Eight for the April rainers
 Nine for the nine bright shinors
 Ten for the ten commandments
 Eleven for the oleven went up to heaven
 Twelve for the twelve apostles

A ROVIN'

In Plymouth town there lived a maid
 Bless you young women
 In Plymouth town there lived a maid
 Oh mind what I say
 In plymouth town there lived a maid
 And she was mistress of her trade
 I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

Chorus

A rovin' a rovin' since rovin's been my ru i in
 I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

I took this fair maid for a walk
 Bless you young women
 I took this fair maid for a walk
 Oh mind what I say
 I took this fair maid for a walk
 And we had such a loving talk
 I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

O didn't I tell her stories too
 Bless you young women
 O didn't I tell her stories too
 Oh mind what I say
 O didn't I tell her whoopans too
 Of the gold I found in Timbuctoo
 I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

UP THE LONG LADDER

Up the long ladder and down the short rope
 To hell with King Billy and God bless the Pope
 If that doesn't do we'll tear him in two
 And send him to hell with with their red white and blue

ROBIN HOOD

Chorus

Oh, Robin was a bloke
 And he owned many bows
 He kept them all nice and clean
 He died in his prime at the age of ____ (changes each time)
 Of a nasty case of ivil gangarine

He had a fight on a log
 With a bloke called little Jog
 And he made Robin look a proper twit
 He upped with his pole
 And scored a perfect goal
 And knocked Robin flying in the water

When it came to singing songs
 Well they could not go wrong
 There minstrels name was Allan Adale
 He minstrelled thru the day
 And he minstrelled thru the night
 So they drowned him in a keg of Watneys pale

He was walkin' thru the woods
 This randy Robin Hood
 With most of his merry men
 When to make this song real crude
 He dashed on by them nude
 And he never saw his merry men again

A man was bein' 'ung
 And Robin said, "That's wrong
 I'll stop your execution", he said
 So he loaded up his bow
 And he let his arrow go
 And he shot the poor bugger thru the head

Now the friar's name was Tuck
 And he didn't give a damn
 He didn't ever help them in a fight
 He wouldn't help them hunt
 The lazy rotten friar
 He sat around and fed himself all night

As long as birds are here
 As long as blokes drink beer
 As long as 2 and 2 makes 5
 As long as clipper ships
 Keep on smuggling cannabis pips
 The name of Robin Hood will stay alive

It will bounce across the land
 It will be passed from hand to hand
 His deeds exaggerated by the gross
 They'll all glorify his name
 And all cover up the shame
 Of the thievin' robbin' rat bugger that he was.

As is normal in the folk tradition the first two verses of this song have been lost, but the rest of the verses are strong enough to stand on their own. The song is by Fred Wedlock.

This song is about a district in Cohb, County Cork, frequented by sailors. As they were leaving in their ships they would cry, "Fine girl you are!" to the girls gathered on the quays.

The Holy Ground

Fare thee well my lovely Dinah
A thousand times adieu
For we're goin away from the holy ground
And the girls we all love true.
We will sail the salt sea over
And we'll return for shore
To see again the girls we love
And the holy ground once more. Fine girl you are!

Chorus:

You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hopes to see
The holy ground once more. Fine girl you are!

Fare thee now the storm is raging
And we are far from the shore
And the good old ship is tossing about
And the rigging is all tore
And the secret of my mind my love
You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hopes to see the holy ground
The holy ground once more. Fine girl you are!

And soon the storm is over
And we are safe and well
We will go into a public house
And we'll sit and drink our fill
We will drink strong ale and porter
And we'll make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent
We will go to sea once more. Fine girl you are!

According to Ewan MacColl this is the most popular Prince Charlie song in Scotland today. It's used as a parting song for all occasions

Will Ye No Come Back Again

Bonnie Charlie's now awa'
Safely o're the friendly main:
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he no come back again.

Chorus:

Will ye no come back again
 Will ye no come back again
 Better lo'ed ye canna be
 Will ye no come back again.

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
 Brak the band 'o nature's laws;
 Mony a traitor we' his wiles,
 Sought to wear his life awa'

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
 Unto the evening sinking down,
 Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
 To me they hae nae other sound.

Mony a gallant sodger faught'
 Mony a gallant chief did fa'
 Death itself were dearly bought,
 A' for Scotland's king and law.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
 lilting wildly up the glen;
 And aye the o'er word o' the sang,
 Will he no come back again.

They're Movin' Father's Grave

They're movin' father's grave to build a sewer,
 They're movin' it regardless of expense,
 They're shifting his remains to put in nine inch drains,
 To irrigate some plush bloke's residence.

Now what's the use in having a religion,
 And thinking when you're dead your troubles cease,
 If some rich city chap, wants a pipeline to his tank.
 They'll never let a workman sleep in peace.

Now father in his life was never a quitter,
 And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.
 'Cause when the job's complete,
 he'll haunt that sewer sweet,
 And they'll only turn the tap when he'll allow.

And won't there be some bleeding consternation,
 And won't them city toffs begin to rave,
 Which is more than they deserve
 for they had the bleeding nerve.
 To muck about a British workman's grave.

The Froggy And the Vicar

There once was a very, very holy vicar,
Walking along the street one day.
When he heard a little voice say, "Excuse me vicar,
Help me vicar;" the voice did say.
And the vicar looked around and all he could see
Was a tiny frog sitting on the ground.
My dear little froggy did you speak to me
Was it you who spoke when I heard that sound?"

"Oh, yes," said the frog, "Oh, help me vicar,
I'm not really a frog you see.
I'm a choir boy really but a wicked fairy
Cast a nasty spell on me.
And the only way I can be saved,
From that evil spell," that little frog said.
Is for someone to take me and to put me in a place
Where a holy man has laid his head."

So the vicar took him home and put him on his pillow,
And there he lay till the break of day.
And the very next morning, a blessed miracle,
The spell was broken, I'm glad to say.
And there was a choir boy in bed with the vicar.
And I hope you think this all makes sense.
For there my Lord and members of the jury,
Rest the case for the defense.

This next song was written by Evan MacColl about the British government's attempt to legislate out of existence the journeymen, tinkers and gypsies.

The Traveling People

I'm a freeborn man of the traveling people,
Got no fixed abode, with nomads I'm numbered.
Country lanes and byways were always my ways;
I never fancied being numbered.

Oh, we knew the woods and the resting places,
And the small birds sang when winter time was over.
Then we'd pack our load and be on the road;
Those were good old times for the rover,

In the open ground you could stop and linger
For a week or two, for time was not your master;
Then away you'd jog with your horse and dog,
Nice and easy, no need to go faster.

Sometimes you'd meet all the other people
 For the news or swapping family information;
 At the country fair, we'd be meeting there,
 All the people of the travelling nation.

All you freeborn men of the travelling people,
 Every tinkor, rolling stone, and gypsy rover,
 Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going,
 Your travelling days will soon be over.

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war is gone
 In the ranks of death you'll find him
 His father's sword he has girded on
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of Song", said the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee.
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard
 One faithful harp shall praise thee".

The minstrel fell but the foe man's chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
 For he tore its' chords asunder.
 And said, "No chain shall sully thee
 Thou soul of love and bravery
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free
 They shall never sound in slav'ry."

This next song was always a favorite of Pat Hollis
 who could always sing it faster and three octaves
 lower than anybody else.

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June from my home I started,
 Left the girls of Tuam really broken hearted
 Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother,
 Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother.
 Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born,
 Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins;
 A brand new pair of brogues rattling o'er the bogs
 And fright'ning all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus:

One, two, three, four, five, Hunt the hare
 And turn her down the rocky road and all the way to Dublin.
 Whak fol loi de rah.

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary,
 Started by daylight next morning blithe and early,
 Took a drop of "pure" to keep me heart from sinking;
 That's the Paddy's cure whenever he's on for drinking.
 See the lassies smile, laughing all the while
 At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubbling;
 Asked me was I hired, wages I required,
 Till I was nearly tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity
 To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city.
 So then I took a stroll, all among the quality;
 Me bundle it was stole, all in a neat locality.
 Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,
 No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobbling.
 Enquiring for the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue
 Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

From there I got away, me spirits never failing,
 Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.
 The captain at me roared, said that no room had he;
 When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy.
 Down among the pigs, played funny rigs,
 Danced some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling;
 When off Holyhead wished meself was dead
 Or better for instead on the rocky road to Dublin.

Well, the boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
 Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it.
 Blood began to boil, temper I was losing;
 Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing.
 "Hurrah, me soul," says I, my shillelagh I let fly.
 Some Galway boys were nigh and saw I was a hobble in,
 With a loud "hurray" joined in the affray.
 We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

The Banks of the Reedy Lagoon

The sweet scented wattle sheds perfume around,
Delighting the bird and the bee,
While I lie and take rest in me fern-covered nest
In the shade of the currajong tree.
High up in the air I can hear the refrain
Of a butcherbird piping his tune,
For the spring in her glory has come back again
To the banks of the reedy lagoon.

I've carried me bluey for many a mile,
Me boots are worn out at the toes,
And I'm dressin' this season in different style
Than what I did last year, God knows.
My cooking utensils, I'm sorry to say,
Consists of a knife and a spoon,
And I've dry bread and tea in a battered Jack Shea
By the banks of the reedy lagoon.

Oh, where is young Frankio? (And how he could ride!)
And Johnny, the light hearted boy?
They tell me that lately he's taken a bride,
A benedict's life to enjoy.
And Mac, the big Scotsman; I once heard him say.
He'd wrestled the famous Muldoon
But they've all gone away and it's lonely today
By the banks of the reedy lagoon.

And where is the lady I oftener caressed,
The girl with the sad, dreamy eyes?
The pillows her head on another man's breast
Who tells her the very same lies?
My bod she would hardly be willing to share
Where I camp by the light of the moon,
But it's little I care, for I'd never keep square
By the banks of the reedy lagoon.

Three Jolly Lads

So you went for a walk sir
 Aye sir Aye
 And you did the same sir
 No sir no
 He did did he not sir
 Aye sir aye
 You cannot deny sir
 No sir no

Chorus

Well one says aye and the other says no
 We are three jolly lads all in a row
 In a row, in a row, in a row, in a row
 We are three jolly lads all in a row.

(Ed Note: replace the initial question with the following lines for the next three verses)

And you met a fair maid sir...

And you asked her to wed sir...

And now you're a father sir...

Now you'll buy drinks all 'round sir

No sir no

Now you'll buy drinks all 'round sir

No sir no

You will will you not sir

No sir no

Not one little pot sir

No sir no

Well one says no and the other says no

We are three thirsty lads all in a row

In a row, in a row, in a row, in a row.

If no one will treat us we'll just have to go.

The Thirty Foot Trailer

The old ways are changing you canno deny
 The day of the traveler's over
 There's no where to go and there's no where to be'n.
 So fare well to the life of the rover.

Chorus:

Good bye to the tent and the old caravan
 To the tinkers the gypsy the travelin' man
 And good bye to the thirty foot trailer.

Farewell to the camp and the travelin town.
 Farewell to the Rammy talkin'
 The buyin, and sellin, the old fortune tellin,
 The knock on the door and the hawkin'.

You've got to move fast to keep up wi' the time
 For these days a man cannot saunter
 There's a bylaw to say you must be on your way,
 And another to say you can't wander.

Farewell to the fields of heather and broom.
 Farewell to the arcsels and the basket
 The folks of today they would far sooner pay
 For a thing that's been made out of plastic.

The old ways are passin and soon they'll be gone
 For progress is aye a big factor
 It's sent to afflict us and when they evict us
 They tow us away wi' your tractor.

Farewell to the poney the cart and the mare
 The reins and the harness are idle
 You don't need to strap when you're breakin' up scrap
 So farewell to the bits and the bridle.

Farewell to the fields where we've sweated and toiled
 The pullin' and shovin' and liftin'.
 They'll soon have machines and the travelin' cranes
 And the monfolk had better be shiftin'.

I Wish They'd Do It Now

I was born of Geordie parents
 One day when I was young
 That's how the squire learned his will
 They gave me native tongue
 That I was a pretty baby
 Me mother she would vow
 The girls all ran to kiss me
 Well I wish they'd do it now

Chorus:

Oh I wish they'd do it now
 Oh I wish they'd do it now
 I've got itches in me britches
 And I wish they'd do it now.

When I was only six months old
 The girls would handle me
 They'd clutch me to their bosoms
 And they'd bounce me on their knee
 They would rock me in the cradle
 And if I made a row
 They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me
 I wish they'd do it now

At sixteen months as fine a lad
 As ever could be seen
 The girls all liked to follow me
 Right down to the green
 They would make a chain of buttercups
 Drop it on me brow
 Then they'd roll me in the clover
 Oh I wish they'd do it now

And the East End girls would call for me
 To swim when it was mild
 Down to the river we would go
 And splash about awhile
 They would throw the water over me
 Duck me like a cow
 Then they'd rub me nice all over
 Oh I wish they'd do it now

It's awful lonely for a lad
 To lead a single life
 I think I'll go to the dance tonite
 And find meself a wife
 Ah, have I over got three brindle pigs
 Likewise one big fat cow
 There'll be plenty love and bacon
 For the girl who'll have me now

Mud

Some people think that the subject of this song is irrelevant. Well it's not irrelevant it's a hippopotamus.

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalibar
He gazed at the bottom as he peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star
Away on a hill top sat combing her hair
His fair hippopotami maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade

Chorus

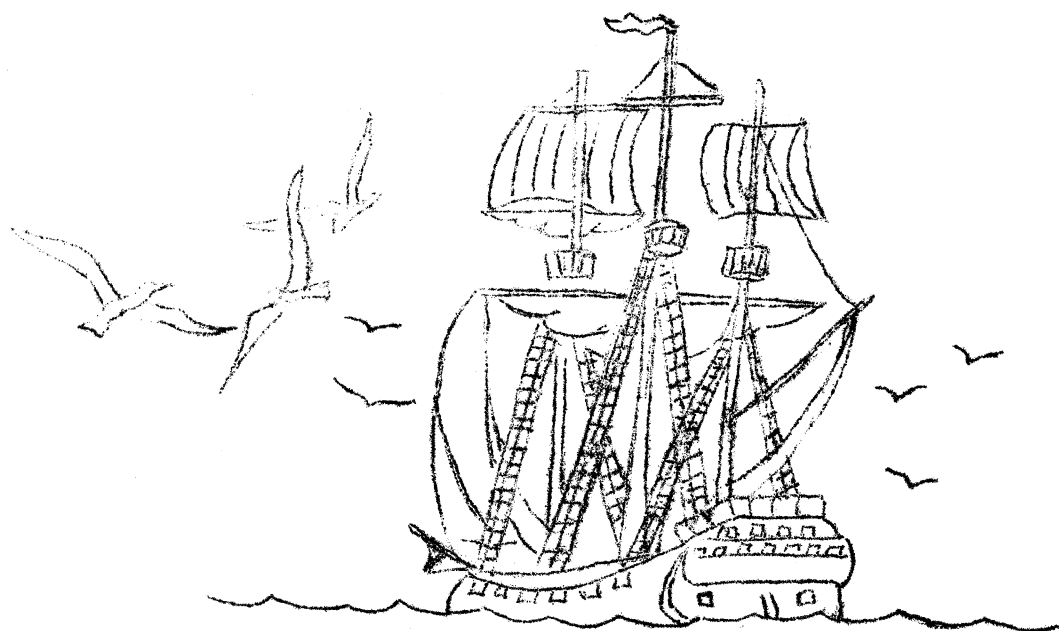
Mud mud glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me follow
Down to the hollow
And there we will wallow in glorious mud

This fair hippopotami he came to entice
From her seat on that hill top above
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tiptoeing down to her love
Like thunder the forest echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met
In ignominate adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet

The bold hippopotamus whose plan did succeed
On the banks of that river divine
I wonder now what have I to say to the sea
That ensued by the Shalibar side
They dived all at once with an ear splitting splash
And rose to the surface again
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain

The amorous hippopotamus whose love song we know
Is now married and father of ten
He murmurs god rot a mus he watches them grow
And he longs to be single again
He'll gamble them all on the banks of the Nile
Which Massar is flooding next spring
The hippopotamus in silken pajamas
No more will he teach them to sing

SONGS
OF THE



SEA

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Blood Red Roses.....	2
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SOUTH AUSTRALIA

This is an unusual song in that the 'heave' & 'haul' in the chorus rarely fall together in a shanty as they do here. The former is usually employed in capstain and the latter in halyard shanties. It called for improvisation by the shantyman and was popular at the capstain and pumps. It apparently originated in the days of Australian emmigration. She-oak was the name for a high-proof beer popular in South Australia in the 19th century.

-P.B.

In South Australia I was born,
 Heave away! Haul away!
 In South Australia 'round Cape Horn.
 We're bound for South Australia.

Chorus:
 Haul away your Ruler King,
 Heave away! Haul away!
 Haul away you'll hear me sing,
 We're bound for South Australia.

South Australia is my native land,
 Heave away, haul away!
 Mountains rich in quartz and sand.
 We're bound for South Australia.

Gold and wood brings ships to our shores.
 And our coal will load many more.

As I walked out one morning fair,
 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair.

I shook her up, I shook her down,
 I shook her 'round and 'round the town.

There's only one thing grieves me mind,
 To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

There's a packet anchored off the pier,
 There's a bar ashore with foamin' beer.

Heave! Oh heave! and we'll all go ashore,
 Where we will drink with the girls galore.

Oh Nancy slings she-oak at the bar,
 And welcomes sailors from afar.

In the dance hall there you'll pick your girl,
With golden hair and teeth of pearl.

She'll waltz you 'round in a dizzy dance,
While you're half drunk and in a trance.

In the arms of girls we'll dance and sing,
For she-oak will be Ruler King.

Drunk! for she-oak's gone to our head,
The girls can put us all to bed.

Now if you go around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God ye niver was born.

Now one more haul an' that'll do,
For we're the gang to pull 'er through.

BLOOD-RED ROSES

This is a halyard shanty- a real 'Cape Horner'. Probably a British shanty originating in the early 19th century, it was very popular both in Liverpool and Yankee ships, as well as whalers. It's used in the movie "Moby Dick" as the 'Piquod' gets under way. It probably originated on British troop transports during the Napoleonic wars, 'blood-red roses' meaning the red-coated soldiers. Such a halyard shanty was used when a steady intermittent pull was called for, as in hoisting the yards.

Me bonnie bunch o' roses O!
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!
'Tis time for us to roll an' go!
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!

Chorus:

Ooh! ye pinks 'n' posies,
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!

Oh, yes, me lads, we'll roll alee,
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!
We'll soon be far away from sea.
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!

We're bound away around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God you'd niver bin born.

Around Cape Horn we're bound to go,
A chasin' whales through ice an' snow.

It's around Cape Horn we're bound to sail,
For that is where we'll catch the whale.

Me boots an' clothes are all in pawn,
It's mighty drafty 'round the Horn.

'Tis growl ye may but go ye must,
If ye growl too hard your head they'll bust.

The gals are waiting right ahead,
A long strong pull should shift the dead.

Them Spanish whores are pullin' strong,
Hang down me boys it won't take long.

Oh, rock an' shake 'er is the cry,
The bloody topm'st sheave is dry,

Just one more pull an' that'll do,
For we're the boys to kick 'er through.

Me dear ol' mother she wrote to me,
Oh, son, dear son, come home from sea.

You've had your pay and to sea you'll go,
For that is where the whale-fish blow.

CONGO RIVER (Blow, Boys, Blow)

This is a halyard shanty originating during the Congo slave trade around the turn from the 18th to 19th century. In American shanty, it maintained its popularity being adopted by the China trade among others and lasting as long as the sail. Innumerable verses were added from the old Guinea version to the Yankee Cape-Horners and those included here are a smattering of the different types, and only begin to allude to the very harsh conditions aboard Yankee packets.

Say was you never down the Congo River?

Blow, boys, blow!

Oh, yes I've bin down the river,

Blow, me bully boys, blow!

Chorus:

Oh blow me boys we'll blow forever,

Blow, boys, blow,

We'll blow me down the Congo River,

Blow me bully boys, blow!

The Congo she's a mighty river,

Blow, boys, blow,

The fever makes the white man shiver

Blow me bully boys, blow!

A Yankee ship came down the river,

Her masts and spars they shone like silver.

Oh how do you know she's a Yankee Clipper?

By the cut of the jib and the gait of her skipper.

How do you know she's a Yankee Liner?

The Stars and Stripes stream out behind her.

How do you know she's a Yankee Packet?

She fired her guns can't you hear the racket?

This Yankee ship she's bound to China.

Hooray, me boys, it's time to jive her.

Well how do you know she's bound for China?

By the bunch o' the bastards that have signed her.

Well who do think's the chief mate of her?

Some ugly case what 'ates poor sailors.

What do you think they had for Cargo?

500 whores from Yokohama.

And what else did they have for Cargo?

500 bottles of German Lager.

Oh what do you think they had for dinner?

Oh monkey's heart and donkey's liver.

Her sides wuz old and her sails wuz rotten.

His charts the old man had forgotten.

Oh blow me boys and blow together,

Oh blow me boys for fairer weather.

Another pull, ho, rock an' shake her.
 Far go she must an' go we'll make 'er.

I thought I heard the old Man say,
 Another pull an' then belay.

Oh blow today and blow tomorrow.
 Oh blow away all grief and sorrow.

REUBEN RANZO

Ooh! Sing a song of Ranzo,
 Ch. Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
 Oh! Poor old Reuben Ranzo.
 Ch. Ranzo me boys, Ranzo!

Ranzo took a notion,
 To sail the western ocean.

O! Ranzo was no sailor,
 He wuz a Boston tailor.

Though Ranzo was no sailor,
 He shipped aboard a whaler.

Ranzo couldn't steer 'er,
 Did ye ever hear anything queerer?

The mate he was a dandy,
 Far too fond of Brandy.

They said he was a Lubber,
 An' made him eat whale-blubber.

He washed once in a fortnight,
 He said it wuz his birthright.

They took him to the gangway,
 An' gave him lashin's twenty.

They gave him lashes thirty,
 Because he wuz s• dirty.

The captain gave him thirty,
 His daughter begged for mercy.

She gave him cake and water,
 A bit more than she aughter.

She gave him rum an' whiskey,
Which made him feel damn frisky.

She taught him navigation,
An' gave him eddication.

He married the old man's daughter,
An' still sails on blue water.

Ranzo now is skipper,
Of a Yankee Clipper.

He's known wherever them whalefish blow,
As the toughest bastard on the go.

Poor ol' Reuben Ranzo,
Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo.

This is one of the most rousing halyard chanties, and one of the few chanties used aboard whalers. The name 'Ranzo' would be shouted out savagely for the pull. Reuben's origin is disputed - a Danish hero, Cape Verde Islander, Polish Jew, or Sicilian fisherman. In any case, it shows the advantages of 'book learnin' and a good marriage.
P.B.

"The leaving of Liverpool" is an old deep-water song, sung not for work like shanties, but for entertainment. These were sometimes called "main-hatch songs" since crews of the deep-water square riggers would gather round a hatch in the evening to sing them. Liverpool itself was familiar ground for many American sailors since most Anglo-American trade went through the great port, and American clippers were a common sight on the Mersey.
P.A.B.

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you, my own true love;
I am going far away.
I am bound for California,
But I know that I'll return some day.

Chorus:

So fare thee well, my own true love,
And when I return, united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship;
 Davy Crockett is her name,
 And Burgess is the captain of her,
 And they say she's a floating hell.

Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love,
 And I wish I could remain,
 For I know it will be some long time
 Before I see you again.

This is one of the very few bunting shanties known, and was sung or chanted while bunting up a sail when furling it, a dangerous job at sea. Surprising to most landlubbers, Paddy Doyle is a villain in the song. He was probably a 19th century Liverpool boardinghouse master, these being notorious sailor robbers. In this unusual case however, a sailor seems to have gotten the better of Paddy for a change, by bilking him of a pair of boots. P.A.B.

PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS

To me way-ay-ay-ay-ay ah!
 We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

To me way-ay-ay-ay-ay ah!
 We'll all drink whiskey and gin.

To me way-ay-ay-ay-ay ah!
 We'll all shave under the chin.

To me way-ay-ay-ay-ay ah!
 We'll all throw mud at the cook.

To me way-ay-ay-ay-ay ah!
 We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

THE OCEAN WAVES DO ROLL

'Twas Friday morn, when we set sail,
 and we were not far from the land,
 When our captain he spied a fishy mermaid,
 with a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

And the ocean waves do roll,
 and the stormy winds do blow.
 And we poor sailors are skipping at the top
 While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
 While the landlubbers lie down below.

Now up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
 and a fine old 'skipper was he.
 Sayin' a fishy mermaid has warned us of our doom.
 We shall sink to the bottom of the sea.

Now up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
 and a fine spoken man was he.
 Sayin' I have a wife in Brooklyn by the sea,
 and tonight a widow she will be.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
 and a dirty old butcher was he.
 Sayin' I care much more for me pots and me pans,
 than I do for the bottom of the sea.

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship
 and a fine young lad was he.
 Sayin' I have a sweetheart in Salem by the sea
 and tonight she'll be weepin' for me.

Then three times round spun our gallant ship
 and three times round spun she.
 Three times round spun our gallant ship
 and she sank to the bottom of the sea.

A good lesson from the singing of Gordon Bok

JOHNNIE TODD

Well, Johnnie Todd he took a notion
 for to cross the ocean wide,
 But he left his own true love behind him,
 walking by the Liverpool side.

Oh, for a week she wept with sorrow
 tore her hair and wrung her hands,
 'Till she met another handsome sailor,
 walking by the Liverpool sand.

Oh, why fair maid are you a weepin',
 for your Johnney's gone to sea?
 Johnney's gone but I am home beside you,
 and I will kind and constant be.

Oh, I'll buy you sheets and blankets,
 and I'll buy you a wedding ring,
 And you shall have a little golden cradle
 for to rock the baby in.

Now Johnney Todd's come home from sailin'
 sailin' on the ocean wide,
 But he's found his own true love and fair one's
 become another sailors bride.

Now all young men who go a sailin'
 for to fight the foreign foe,
 Never leave your own true love behind ye,
 marry her before you go.

Isle Au Haut is one of the hundreds of small
 islands off the rocky coast of Maine. And this is
 one of the many songs of the hardy folk who inhabit
 these islands eking out their existence from the sea.
 It's from the singing of a 'down easterner' himself
 Gordon Bok. P.A.B.

THE HILLS OF ISLE AU HAUT

Well the girls of Cask Isle,
 they're strong across the shoulder.
 They don't give a man advice,
 they don't want to cook his supper.

Chorus:

Haul down your sails,
 where the bays run together.
 Bide away your days,
 by the hills of Isle Au Haut.

It's away to the western
 is the place a man should go.
 Where the fishin's always easy,
 they've got no ice or snow.

Now the Plymouth girls are fine,
 they'll put their hearts in your hand.
 The Plymouth boys are able,
 first class sailors every man.

Now the trouble with all my dear,
 you don't try her in the trawler,
 For the Bay of Biscaye swells
 roll your head right off your shoulder.

Now the winters drive you crazy,
 and the fishin's hard and slow.
 Your a damn fool if you stay,
 but there's no better place to go.

And it's away to the western
 is the place a man should go.
 Where the fishin's always easy,
 they got no ice or snow.

SAIL THE WESTERN OCEAN

Oh the times are hard and the wages low,
 You sail her where you're bound to,
 The western ocean is my home,
 Across the western ocean.

Oh I think I heard the old maid say,
 You sail her where you're bound to.
 One more haul and then belay,
 Across the western ocean.

Well Johnney boy we'll sail no more,
 You sail her where you're bound to.
 Draw your pay and go ashore,
 Across the western ocean.

Repeat 1st verse.

GOODBYE FARE THEE WELL

Our cap'n now orders the men to their posts
 (chorus) Oh row, row, row me boys
 A hand to the lookout he loudly does roar
 (chorus) Goodbye fare thee well
 Goodbye fare thee well.

Our mate he now shouts out an order again
 Lay aft here me bullies with the big anchor chain

It's now we are sailin' on the wild Irish shore
 Our passengers all sick and our new mates all sore

The fishes they sing as they swim to an' fro
 She's a Liverpool packet O Lord let her go

And now we are moored in the harbor once more
 And soon will we see the pretty girls on the shore

We'll meet these fly gals an' we'll ring the ol' bell
 With them Judies we'll meet there we'll raise merry hell

I'll tell me old mammy when I gets me back home
 The gals there on Lime Street won't leave me alone

We're homeward bound don't ya hear the mate say
 We're homeward bound the anchors away

Oh the anchor we'll weigh and the sails we will set
 The gals we are leavin' we'll never forget

Heave with a will boys oh heave long and strong
 Sing a good chorus for it is a good song

We're homeward bound to the girls o' the town
 Stamp up me bullies and heave her around

We're homeward bound to our cold Northern land
 Homeward bound to our mothers they wait on the strand

We'll steer 'tween the inlets and islands of home
 To Bergen we'll head and no more will we roam

Oh the big starboard anchor we quickly will drop
 To make all sail fast boys we now climb aloft

But 'fore we go we must pump the hull dry
 So start the ol' shanty raise yer voices on high

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little boy, so me mother told me
 to me
 Way haul away we'll haul away Joe. (chorus)
 That if I did not kiss the girls,
 my lips would all grow mouldy, to me
 Way haul away we'll haul away Joe (chorus)

First I met a Spanish girl, and she was fat and lazy
 to me
 Then I met an Irish gal, she damn near drove me crazy
 to me

I found myself a Yankee girl
 and sure she wasn't civil to me
 So I stuck a blast upon her back
 and sent her to the devil to me

So listen while I sing to you
 about me darlin' Nancy to me
 She's copper bottom clipper built
 she's just my style and fancy to me

King Louie was the king of Franco
 before the revolution to me
 And then he got his head cut off
 which spoiled his constitution to me

Saint Patrick was a gentleman
 and he came from decent people to me
 He built a church in Dublin town
 and on it set a steeple to me

From Ireland then he drove the snakes
 and drank up all the whiskey to me
 Which made him dance and sing a jig
 he felt so fine and frisky to me

Way haul away we're bound for fairer weather to me
 Way haul away we'll haul or hang together

Way haul away we'll surely make her render
 Way haul away we'll either bust or bend her

IRISH ROVER

In the year of our lord eighteen hundred and six
 We set sail from the Coal Quay of Cork,
 We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
 For the grand City Hall in New York.
 We'd an elegant craft, it was rigged 'fore and aft,
 And how the trade winds drove her.
 She had twentythree masts and she stood several blasts
 And they called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney Magee from the banks of the Lee
 There was Hogan from County Tyrone
 There was Johnny McGurk, who was scared stiff of work
 And a chap from Westmeath named Malone
 There was slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
 And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
 And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
 Was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

We had one million bags of the best Sligo rags
 We had two million barrels of bone
 We had three million bales of old nanny goats' tails
 We had four million barrels of stone
 We had five million hogs, and six million dogs
 And seven million barrels of porter
 We had eight million sides of old blind horses hides
 In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years, when the measels broke out
 And our ship lost her way in a fog (great fog)
 And the whole of the crew was reduced down to two,
 'Twas myself and the captain's old dog
 Then the ship struck a rock, O Lord what a shock
 And nearly tumbled over
 Turned nine times around
 then the poor old dog was drowned.
 I'm the last of the Irish Rover.

A BIG SHIP SAILIN'

There's a big ship sailin' on the Il-le al-lay Oh
 Il-le al-lay Oh, Il-le al-lay Oh
 There's a big ship sailin' on the Il-le al-lay Oh
 Hi Ho the Il-le al-lay Oh.

There's a big ship sailin' rockin' on the sea,
 Rockin' on the sea, rockin' on the sea.
 There's a big ship sailin' rockin' on the sea,
 Hi Ho rockin' on the sea.

There's a big ship sailin' back again
 Back again, back again.
 There's a big ship sailin' back again
 Hi Ho back again.

THE SHOALS OF HERRIN'

With our nets and gear we're fairin'
 On the wild and wasteful ocean
 It's our fare, and the deep
 We harvest and reap our bread
 As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herrin'

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day
 Out of Yerberth harbor I was bearing
 As a cabin boy on a sailin' lugger
 We were following the shoals of herrin'

Now your up on deck your a fisherman
 You can swear and sport a manly bearin'
 Take a turn on watch with the other fellows
 As you hunt the bonnie shoals of herrin'

We left the home grounds in the month of June
 And for County Shields we'll soon be bearin'
 With a hundred pounds of the silver darlin's
 That were taken from the shoals of herrin'

In the stormy seas and the living gale
 Just to earn your daily bread your bearin'
 From the Dover Straights to the Pharaoh Island
 As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herrin'

Well I earned me keep and I paid me way
 And I earned the gear that I was wearin'
 Sailed a million miles caught ten million fishes
 As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herrin'

Your nets broke man now for your on the move
 And your learnin' all about sea farin'
 That your education sweeps of navigation
 As you hunt the bonnie shoals of herrin'

Night and day the seas we're darin'
 Come wind or calm or winter gale
 Sweatin' or cold
 Growin' up, growin' old or dyin'
 As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herrin'

Blow Ye Winds In The Morning

'Tis advertised in Boston
New York and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans,
A whaling for to go.

Chorus

Singing blow ye winds in the morning
And blow ye winds, high o !
Clear away the running gear,
And blow boys blow!

They send you to New Bedford,
That famous whaling port,
And give you to some land-sharks
To board and fit you out.

They send you to a boarding-house
There for a time to dwell;
The thieves there they are thicker
Than the other side of hell!

They tell you of the clipper ships,
A going in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred sperm,
Before you're six months out.

It's now we're out to sea my boys,
The wind begins to blow,
One half of the watch is sick on deck
And the other half below.

The skipper's on the quarter-deck
A squinting at the sails,
When up aloft the look-out
Sights a school of wales.

Now clear away the boats, my boys,
And after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his fluke,
He'll kick you to the devil!

Now we've got him turned up,
We tow him alongside,
We over with our blubber hooks
And rob him of his hide.

Next comes the stowing down, my boys
'Twill take both night and day,
And you'll have fifty cents apiece
On the 190th day.

Now we are bound into Tuckoona,
 Full more in their power,
 Where the skippers can buy the Consul up
 For half a barrel of flour.

When we get home, our ship made fast,
 And we get through our sailing,
 A winding glass around we'll pass
 And damn this blubber whaling

Mingale

Chorus

Hey ya ho boys! Let her go boys!
 Pull her head 'round now all together.
 Hey ya ho boys! Let her go boys!
 Sailing home, home to Mingale

Wives are waiting on the dock
 Or watching from the heather hill side
 Pull her head 'round and we'll anchor
 'Fore the sun sets on Mingale

What care we how white the winches
 What care we for wind or weather
 Pull her head 'round every inches
 'Fore the sun sets on Mingale

I'se the B'y That Builds the Boat

I'se the b'y that builds the boat
 I'se the b'y that sails her
 I'se the b'y that catches the fish
 And takes them home to 'Iiza

Swing your partner Sally Thibault
 Swing your partner Sally Brown
 Fogo Twillingate Norton's Harbor
 All around the circle.

Sods and rinds to cover yer flake,
 Cake and tea for supper,
 Codfish in the spring o' the year
 Fried in maggoty butter.

I took 'Liza to a dance,
And faith, but she could travel!
And every step that she did take
Was up to her knees in gravel.

Susan White, she's out of sight,
Her petticoat wants a border;
Old Sam Oliver, in the dark
He kissed her in the corner.

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor
What shall we do with a drunken sailor
What shall we do with a drunken sailor
Earlye in the morning

Chorus:

Way, Hay and up she rises
Way, Hay and up she rises
Way, Hay and up she rises
Earlye in the morning

Put him in a long boat 'till he sobers...

Heave him up in a runnin' bowline...

Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him...

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...

Take him and shake him and try and wake him...

Pull out the plug and wet him all over...

A capstan shanty which was probably popular by the 1840's when the polka had arrived from Bohemia. "Limejuice Sailor" refers to British Jack'Tars, as limejuice was used to prevent outbreaks of scurvey on British ships. By the mid 19th century American seamen were cutting their hair relatively short while British sailors continued to wear the ponytail.

Can't Ye Dance the Polka?

As I walked down the Broadway, one evening in July,
I met a maid, she asked me trade, and a sailor Jack
says I.

Chorus:

Then away ye Santee, my dear Annie,
Oh, ye New York girls, can't ye dance the polka?

I took her down to Tiffany's, I didn't mind expense.
I bought her two brass lollipops,
they cost me fifteen cents.

She says you limejuice sailor, now see me home you may,
But when we reached her cottage door,
she this to me did say.

"My flashman he's a Yankee, with his hair cut short
behind,

He wears a pair of red top boots,
and sails on the Blackball Line."

So I kissed her hard an' proper,
before her flashman came
An' fare-ye-well ye Bowry girl, I know yer little game.

Well I kissed her hard an' proper,
'an back to the ship did steer.
I'll never court flashgirls no more,
I'll stick to rum and beer.

Santiano

We're outward bound from Liverpool
Heave away Santiano
Oh the sails are set and the hatches full
All along the plains of Mexico

Chorus:

So heave her up and away we'll go
Heave away Santiano
Heave her up and away we'll go
All along the plains of Mexico.

In Mexico so I've heard say...
There's many a charmin lady gay...

Them girls are fine with their long black hair
They'll rob yez blind an' skin yez bare

In Mexico I long to be
Wid a tight waisted gal all on me knee

Why do them yellar girls love me so
 Cause I don't tell them all I know

When I wuz young an in my prime
 I'd chase them little gals two at a time

But now I'm gettin' old and grey
 Rum's me sweet heart every day.

Captain Kidd

Oh, my name is Captain Kidd, As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name is Captain Kidd, as I sailed
My name is Captain Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did, as I sailed, as I sailed.

My parents taught me well...
 To shun the gates of hell,
 But against them I rebelled,...

I murdered William Moore,...
 And left him in his gore,
 Forty leagues from shore,...

And being cruel still,....
 My gunner I did kill,
 And his precious blood did spill,...

And being nigh to death...
 I vowed with every breath,
 To walk in wisdom's way...

My repentance lasted not...
 My vows I soon forgot,
 Damnation was my lot...

Now to execution dock, I must go, I must go,
 To execution dock, I must go
 To execution dock, lay my head upon the block,
 No more the laws I'll mock, as I sailed, as I sailed.

Greenland Fisheries

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,
And of June the thirteenth day,
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,
And for Greenland sailed away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood,
Spyglass in his hand;
There's a whale, there's a whale
There's a whale fish he cried,
And she blows at every span, brave boys
And she blows at every span.

The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
And a fine little man was he,
Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit-tackles fall,
And launch your boats for sea brave boys,
And launch your boats for sea.

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard,
And the whale was full in view
Resolved was each seaman bold,
To steer where the whale fish blew,...

We struck the whale, the line paid out,
But she gave a flash with her tail,
The boat capsized and four men were drowned,
And we never caught that whale...

To lose the whale, our captain said,
It grieves my heart full sore;
But to lose, to lose four gallant men,
It grieves me ten times more...

The winter star doth now appear,
So boys we'll anchor weigh,
It's time to leave this cold country,
And homeward bare away...

Oh Greenland is a dreadful place,
A land that's never green,
Where there's ice and snow and the whale fishes blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,
And the daylight's seldom seen.

RIO GRANDE

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea
Away Rio,
I'll sing you a song if you'll sing it with me.
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Chorus:
And it's away Rio,
Away Rio
So fare thee well my pretty young lass,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

We'll man the good capstan and run her around
Away Rio
We'll haul up the anchor to this jolly sound
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

So put down your bag and get it unpacked...
The sooner we leave the quicker we're back...

The anchor is weighed and the sails are all set...
And them girls we are leavin' we'll never forget...

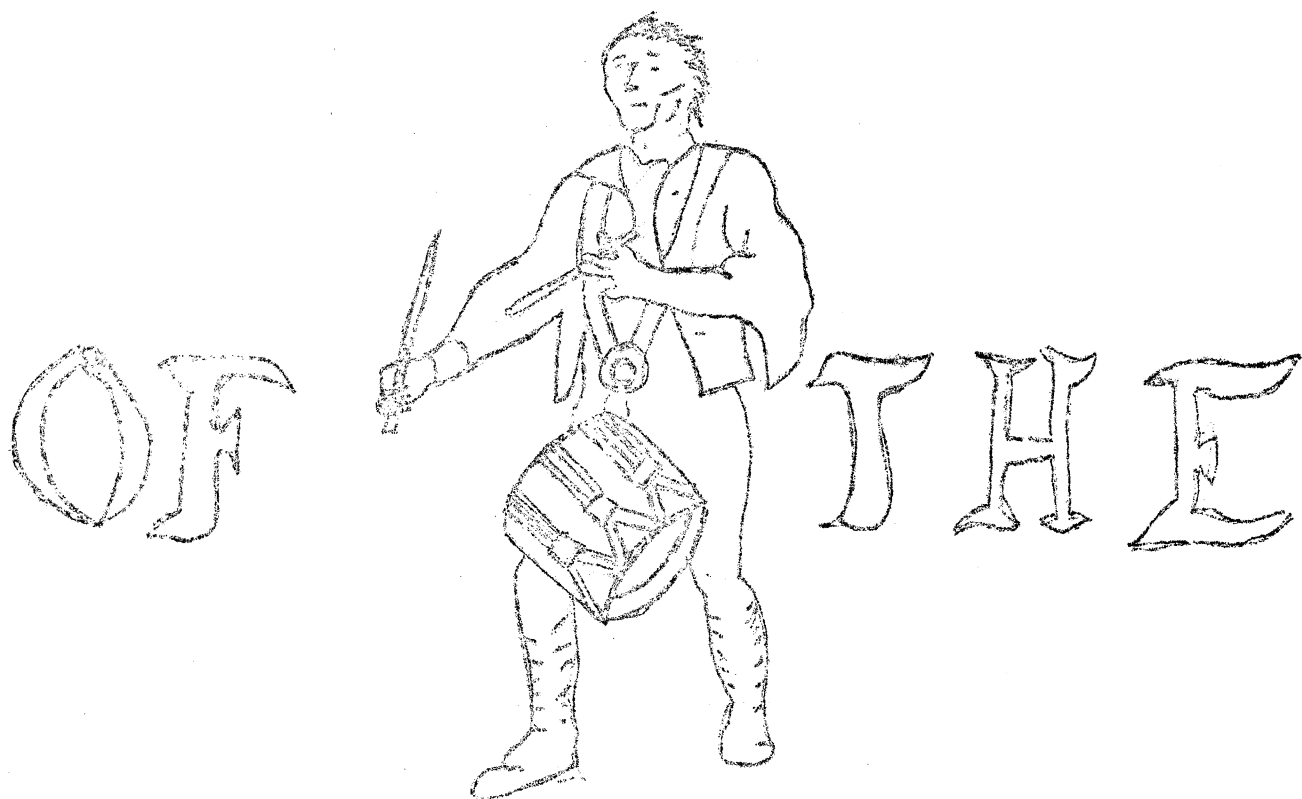
The anchor is weighed and the gear all made fast...
And the boys give a cheer when the harbor is past...

Cheer up Mary Ellen, now don't look so glum...
On white stockin' day ye'll be drinkin' hot rum...

We're a Liverpool ship wid a Liverpool crew...
Ya can stick to the coast, but I'm damned if we do...

And it's good bye to Sally and good bye to Sue...
And them girls on the dock well it's good bye to you...

SONGS



OF

THE

STATES

Alkaseltzer Mama.....	3
Amazing Grace.....	7
Banks of the Ohio.....	12
Boozin'.....	12
Can the Circle Be Unbroken.....	11
Come Kiss Me Love.....	9
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Salvation Army.....	1
Shenandoah.....	11
Simple Gifts.....	9
Standin' in the Need of Prayer.....	14
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THE SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band.
On the right side of temperence we do take a stand.
We don't chew tobacco because we do think,
That the people who use it are likely to drink.

We never eat cookies because they have yeast
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man who eats fruitcake until he gets tight?

Chorus:

Away, away with rum by gum,
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,
Away, away with rum by gum,
The song of the Salvation Army.

PRETTY SARO

This despondent ballad is typical of the sad love songs of frontier time. It's a traditional Appalachian version popularized by Jean Ritchie.

Chorus: (begin with chorus)

Down in some lone valley,
 in a lonesome place,
 Where the wild birds do whistle
 and their notes do increase,
 Farewell pretty Saro, I bid you adieu
 and I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go.

My love she won't have me
 so I understand,
 She wants a freeholder who owns
 house and land.
 I cannot maintain her with
 silver and gold,
 And all of the fine things
 a big house can hold.

If I were a merchant and could write
 a fine hand,
 I'd write my love a letter
 that she'd understand.
 I'd write her by the river,
 where the waters o'er flow,
 but I'll dream of pretty Saro
 wherever I go.

This piece of blues - destined to become a classic - was put together gradually beginning at Temple Univ. in 1972. I added and forgot verses many a night while Pat Luddy picked a standard blues tune over quarts of beer. The elevator was in the library where we worked and the older women - well, they're getting older.

Alkaseltzer Mama,
 you fizzled out on me,
Alkaseltzer Mama,
 you fizzled out on me:
I dropped you in the tumbler,
 but there weren't nothing to see.

Elevator Mama,
 you sure done shafted me,
Elevator Mama,
 you sure done shafted me:
I pushed the button "ground floor",
 you left off the mezzanine.

Safety seatbelt Mama,
 you buckled up on me,
Safety seatbelt Mama,
 you buckled up on me:
I pushed the release button,
 but you must wouldn't let go of me.

Ironing board Mama,
 you folded up on me,
Ironing board Mam,
 you folded up on me,
When I pressed the iron to you,
 you took the starch right out of me.

Older women Mama,
 you wrinkled up on me,
Older women Mama,
 you wrinkled up on me,
I helped to your wheelchair,
 but you just rolled right over me.

Electric wire Mama,
 you shorted out on me,
Electric wire Mama,
 you shorted out on me,
I plugged into your socket,
 you took the juice right out of me.

SALTY DOG

This traditional river blues tun - done by just about everyone, is about as popular as can be. There are about 100 verses, and you can make up a 100 more.

Chorus:

Salty dog, Salty dog, I don't wanna be your man at all.
Honey let me be your salty dog.
Oh salty dog, Oh you dog, you sly fox, you salty dog
Oh salty, you salty dog.

Down in the wildwood sitting on a log,
singing a song about a salty dog.

God made a woman, he made her mighty funny,
when you kiss her 'round the mouth, just as
sweet as honey.

Worst day I ever had in my life,
was when the boss caught me kissing his wife.

Little fish, big fish, swimming in the water,
come back here, man, and marry my daughter.

Oh, I got a nickel, I got a dime,
you shake yours and I'll shake mine.

Two old maids sitting in the sand,
Each one wishing the other was a man.

LYDIA

This historical ballad is from the singing of Groucho Marx in the classic film, "A Day at the Circus." It's rumored that Lydia was actually Mrs. Warren G. Harding if not the wife of Pope Pius X. P.B.

Lydia oh Lydia, oh have you seen Lydia?

Lydia the tatoood lady.

She has eyes that men adore so,
and a torso even more so.

Lydia oh Lydia, that encyclopedia,
Lydia the queen of tatoos.

On her back is the battle of Waterloo,
beside it the wreck of the Hesperous too,
And proudly above waves the red, white, and blue,
you can learn alot from Lydia.

I said Lydia....

he said Lydia....

I said Lydia....

Lydia oh Lydia, oh have you seen Lydia?

Lydia the tatoood lady.

When her muscles start relaxing,
up the hill comes Andrew Jackson.

Lydia oh Lydia, ho have you seen Lydia,
Lydia the queen of tatoos.

For two bits she will do a mazurka in jazz,
with a view of Niagara that nobody has,
And on a clear day you can see Alcatraz,
you can learn alot from Lydia.

I said Lydia....

he said Lydia....

I said Lydia....

Lydia oh Lydia, ho have you seen Lydia?

Lydia the tatoood lady.

Lydia oh Lydia, ho have you seen Lydia,
Lydia the queen of tatoos,

She once swept an admiral right off his feet,
the ships on hips made his heart skip a beat,
And now the old man's in command of the fleet,
cause he went and married Lydia.

I said Lydia....

he said Lydia....

LYDIA!

THE ROLLING MILLS OF NEW JERSEY

The American folk legacy is filled with songs of grieving lovers and rovers who request a particular burial ground once rigormortis has set in. "The end of Chestnut Street" has long been a popular spot; but with the gradual disappearance of chestnut trees, and, consequently, streets to the new industrial age, the serious difficulty in the last half century has been one of assimilating this original beautiful sentiment with the currant march of progress.

We feel that this song, from the singing of Tony Barren and John Roberts, admirably bridges the technological gap. This touching ballad can only bring to mind scenic north Jersey, best viewed from the safety of the Jersey Turnpike. Incidentally the accent of the singer is important here, particularly on such words as "Jersey", pronounced "Joy-zee", and is not altogether unlike the accents of high Brooklynese. P.A.B.

When I die, bury me low,
 where I can hear the petroleum flow,
 A sweeter sound, I never did know,
 the rolling mills of New Jersey.

Down in Trenton, 'der's a bar,
 where the bums come from near and far,
 They come by truck, they come by car,
 those lousy bums of New Jersey.

When at first, I started to roam,
 far away from my home in Bayonne,
 I sat right down, and wrote up this peem,
 I wrote an ode to New Jersey.

When I die, bury me low,
 where I can hear, the petroleum flow,
 A sweeter sound I never did know,
 the rolling mills of New Jersey.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come,
 'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when we first begun.

CRYIN' HOLY UNTO MY LORD

Cryin' holy unto my lord, cryin' holy unto my lord
 If I could I surely would
 Stand on that rock where Moses stood

Lord I ain't no stranger now, Lord I ain't no stranger now
 I've been introduced to the father and the son
 Oh lord I ain't no stranger now
 repeat chorus;

Oh sinner run and hide your face,
 oh sinner run and hide your face,
 Run to the rock and hide your face
 The rock cried out no hidin' place.

RANDOM CANYON

It's back to Random Canyon where the griffin's always rippin'
And the unicorn is horny in the spring
Where the crystal coyote calls over sleepy garden walls
And the wileless wambat wanders on the wing. 2x

By the mislocated mesa with my counterfeit contessa
who is secretary for the local grange
and the psychedelic sage puts the cattle in a rage
and the changing range is getting mighty strange 2x

Well I'll spend each golden year watching all the cattle veer
for no sight upon this earth provokes more charm
and the dragons fly by night but they very seldom bite
but if you mess with one he'll do you harm 2x

I know I'll never leave cause I know I'll never breathe
When I go back to that canyon that I love
Other canyons aren't as near though their walls are twice as steep
you can take your other canyons and go shove 2x
I'm a random canyon man

I'm a random canyon fan and I'll mess with any man
Who denies that random canyon is the best
You can find no canyon greater either side of the equator
Random canyon is the glory of the West 2x

This song was written by Dave Van Ronk who is a first-class
degenerate. He also has an esceptionally warped sense of humor.
N.J.W.

Come, Kiss Me Love

Come, kiss me love, before you leave me.
 Come, kiss the one you have betrayed.
 And when I'm dead, my love come and see me.
 And throw sweet flowers upon my grave.

Once, I loved you with all my heart and soul.
 I thought your love was all for me.
 Until a stranger came and caught your eye.
 I found you cared no more for me.

Many's the night with you I rambled.
 Many's the night with you I've lain.
 Thinking your love was mine forever.
 And now I find it was all in vain.

This is a nice mellow song in which the chorus is repeated.
 The number of times it is repeated depends mainly on the
 sobriety of the singers.

Gold Mine In The Sky

There's a gold mine in the sky far away
 We will find it you and I some sweet day
 We will sit up there and watch the world go by.
 When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.

Chorus:

Far away,
 Far away.

So far away,
 So far away.

We will find it you and I some sweet day.
 We will sit up there and watch the world go by.
 When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.

Simple Gifts

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free
 'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be,
 And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
 'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained
 To bow and to bend we will not be ashamed;
 To turn, turn will be our delight
 'Til by turning, turning we come 'round right.

The Southern mountains have provided us with
a legacy of hell raising heroines, and the wildest
of them all was Darling Corey.

Darling Corey

Wake up, wake up darlin' Corey,
What makes you sleep so sound?
The revenue officers are comin',
Gona tear your still house down.

The first time I saw darlin' Corey,
She was standin' in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hands
And her feet all over the floor.

Go 'way from me darlin' Corey,
Quit hangin' around my bed,
Pretty women run me distracted,
Corn liquor's killed me dead.

The next time I saw darlin' Corey,
She was standin' on the banks of the sea.
She had two pistols strapped around her body
And a banjo on her knee.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed darlin' Corey was dead.

The last time I saw darlin' Corey,
She had a wine glass in her hand,
She was drinkin' that cold pizen liquor
With a low-down sorry man.

Go and dig me a hole in the meadow,
A hole in the cold, cold ground,
Go and dig me a hole in the meadow,
Just to lay darlin' Corey down.

Don't you hear them blue-birds singin'?
Don't you hear that mournful sound?
They're preachin' Corey's funeral
In that lonesome graveyard ground.

Can The Circle Be Unbroken

I was standing by the window
On one cold and cloudy day
And I saw the horse come rolling
For to carry my mother away.

Chorus:

Can the circle be unbroken
bye and bye, lord bye and bye
There's a better home awaiting
In the sky, lord, in the sky

Lord, I told the undertaker
Undertaker please drive slow
For this body you are hauling
Lord I hate to see her go.

I followed close behind her
Tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave

Went back home lord
My home was lonesome
Since my mother she was gone
All my brother, sister crying
What a home so sad and lone.

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away, you rovin' river.
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, We're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

A white man loved an indian maiden
Oh away you rollin' river
With gold and jewels his canoe was laden
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

I'm pushin' on when dawn is breakin'
Goin' cross the wide Missouri
My true love, she stands awaitin'
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Banks of the Ohio

I asked my love to take a walk,
To take a walk, just a little walk
Down beside where the water flows
Down by the banks of the Chip

And only say that you'll be mine,
In no other's arms entwined.
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

I asked your mother for your hand
And she said you were too young;
But only say that you'll be mine
And happiness in my arms you'll find.

I held a knife against her breast,
And gently in my arms she pressed,
Crying Willie, oh Willie, don't murder me
I'm not prepared for eternity.

I took her by her lily white hand,
Led her down where the waters stand.
I picked her up and I pitched her in,
Watched her as she floated down.

I started home twixt twelve and one,
Crying, My God, what have I done?
I've killed the only woman I love,
Because she would not be my bride.

Boozin'

Now what are the joys of a single young man?
Why boozin' bloody well boozin'.
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why boozin' bloody well boozin'.
You may think I'm wrong or you may think I'm right
I'm not going to argue. I know you can fight.
But what do you think we are doing tonight?
Why boozin' bloody well boozin'.

Chorus:

Boozin', boozin', just you and I
boozin', boozin', when we are dry
Some do it open and some on the sly
And we all are bloody well boozin'.

And what are the joys of a poor married man?
 why boozin', bloody well boozin'.
 And what is he doing whenever he can?
 Why boozin', bloody well boozin'.
 He comes home at night and he gives his wife all.
 He goes out a shopping makes many a call.
 But what brings him home hanging onto the wall?
 Why boozin', bloody well boozin'.

And what do the salvation army run down?
 Why boozin', bloody well boozin'.
 On every street corner in every town?
 Why boozin', bloody well boozin'.
 They rave on street corners they rave and they shout.
 They shout about things they know nothing about.
 But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?
 They're boozin', bloody well boozin'.

The Fishy Song

I'd like to sing like the fishies sing.
 (make mouth movements like a singing fish)
 I'd like to sing like the fishies sing.
 (again)
 Make the sea weeds ring.
 I just have one wissshhh.
 That's to sing like a fisshhh.

That dittie was learned at the Beers Family Folk Festival
 by Ned C. Bachus.

Four Strong Winds

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high.
 All those things that don't change, come what may
 But our good times are all gone and I'm bound to movin on.
 I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Think I'll go out to Alberta, weather's good there in
 the fall.

Got some friends that I can go to workin' for,
 But I wish you'd change your mind, If I asked you one
 more time.

But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

If I get there before the snow flies and if things
 are lookin' good.

You could meet me if I sent you down the fare.
 But by then it would be winter, ain't too much for
 you to do.

And those winds sure can blow cold way out there.

Standin' in the Need of Prayer

It's me, it's me it's me oh Lord,
 Standin' in the need of prayer
 It's me, it's me it's me oh Lord,
 Standin' in the need of prayer

'Tain't my mother or my father but it's me oh Lord...

Tain't my brother or my sister but it's me oh Lord...

Tain't my deacon or my loader, but it's me oh Lord...

Teddy Bears Picnic

If you go out in the woods today
 You better not go alone
 It's lovely out in the woods today
 But safer to stay at home
 For every bear that ever there was
 Will gather there for certain because
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic

Picnic time for teddy bears
 The lovely teddy bears are having a wonderful time today
 Let's go catch them unaware
 As they picnic on their holiday
 da da da da da da
 See them gayly gant about
 They love to sing and shout
 They never have any cares
 At 6 o'clock their mommy's and daddy's
 Will take them home to bed
 Because they're tired little teddy bears.

The Parting Glass

O all the money that e'er I spent,
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I've done,
alas, it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To mon'ry now I can't recall,
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night , and joy be with you all.

O all the comrades that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had would
Would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls into my lot
That I should rise and you should not,
I'll gently rise and softly call,
Good night, and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town.
That sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I alone she has my heart enthralled
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night, and joy be with you all.